

# DOLL MAN

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ISSUE

*Quarterly*

No. 8

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The **DOLL MAN**,  
Mighty Mite  
of Action, in  
**3**  
BIG STORIES!



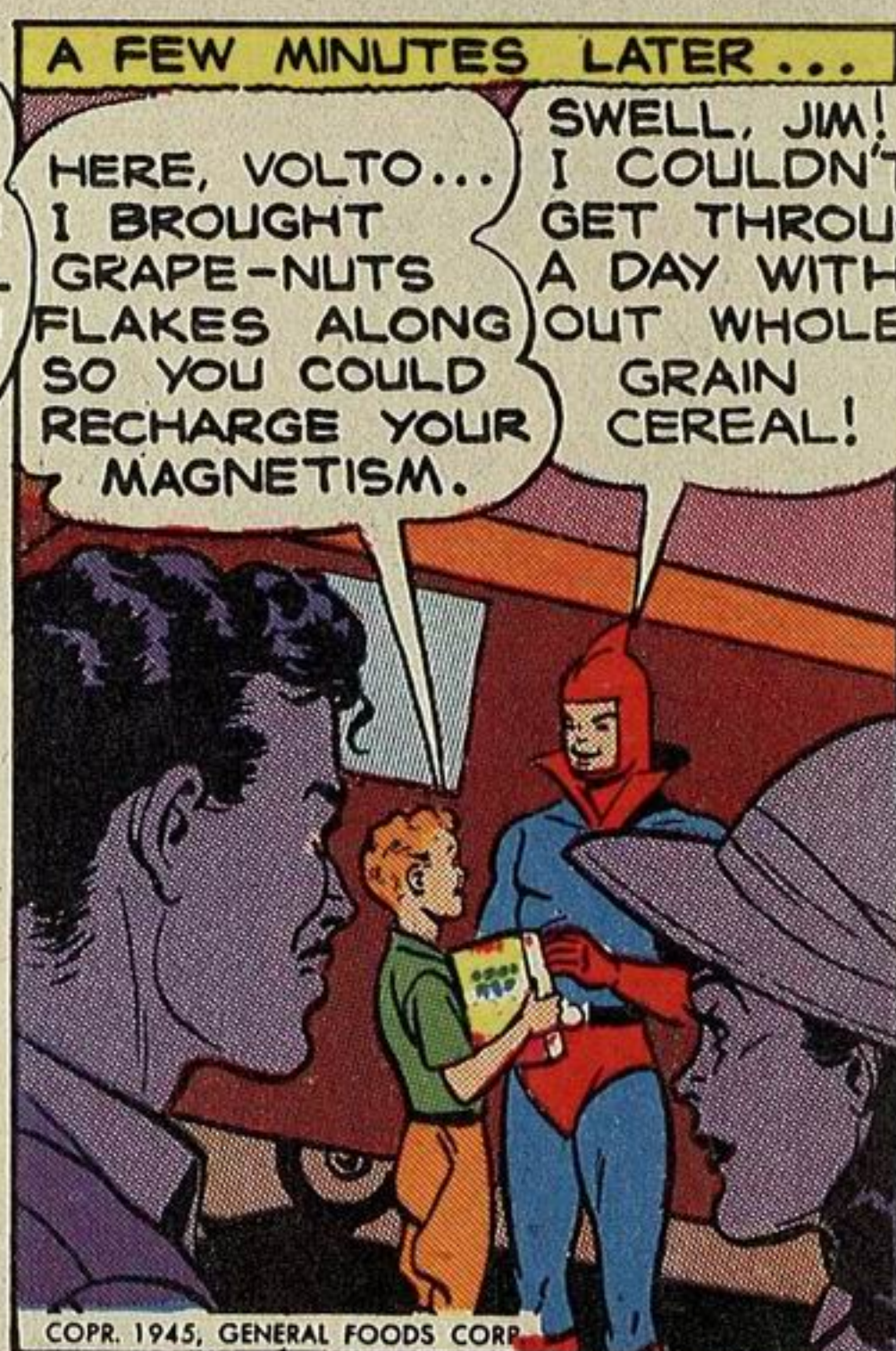
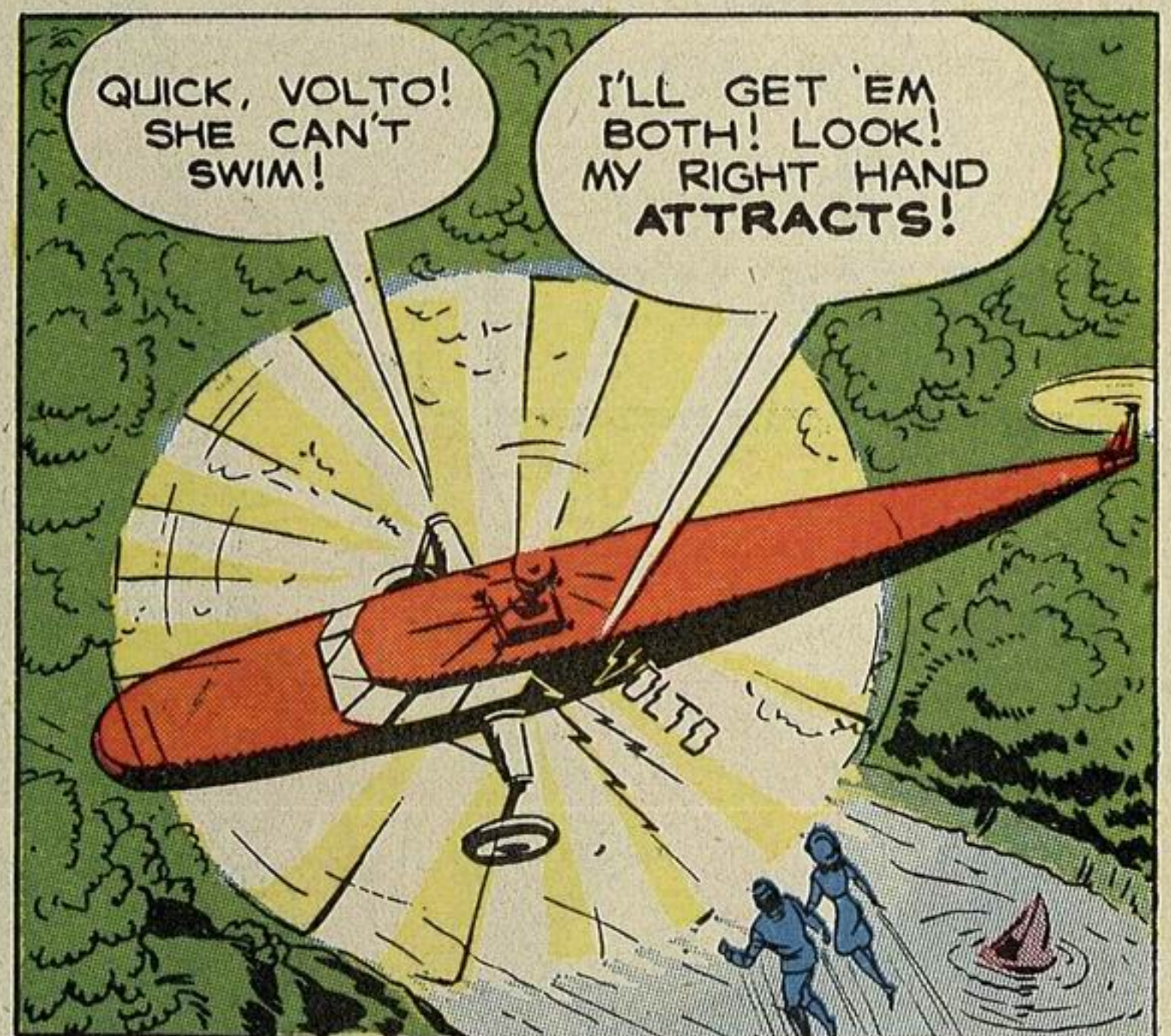
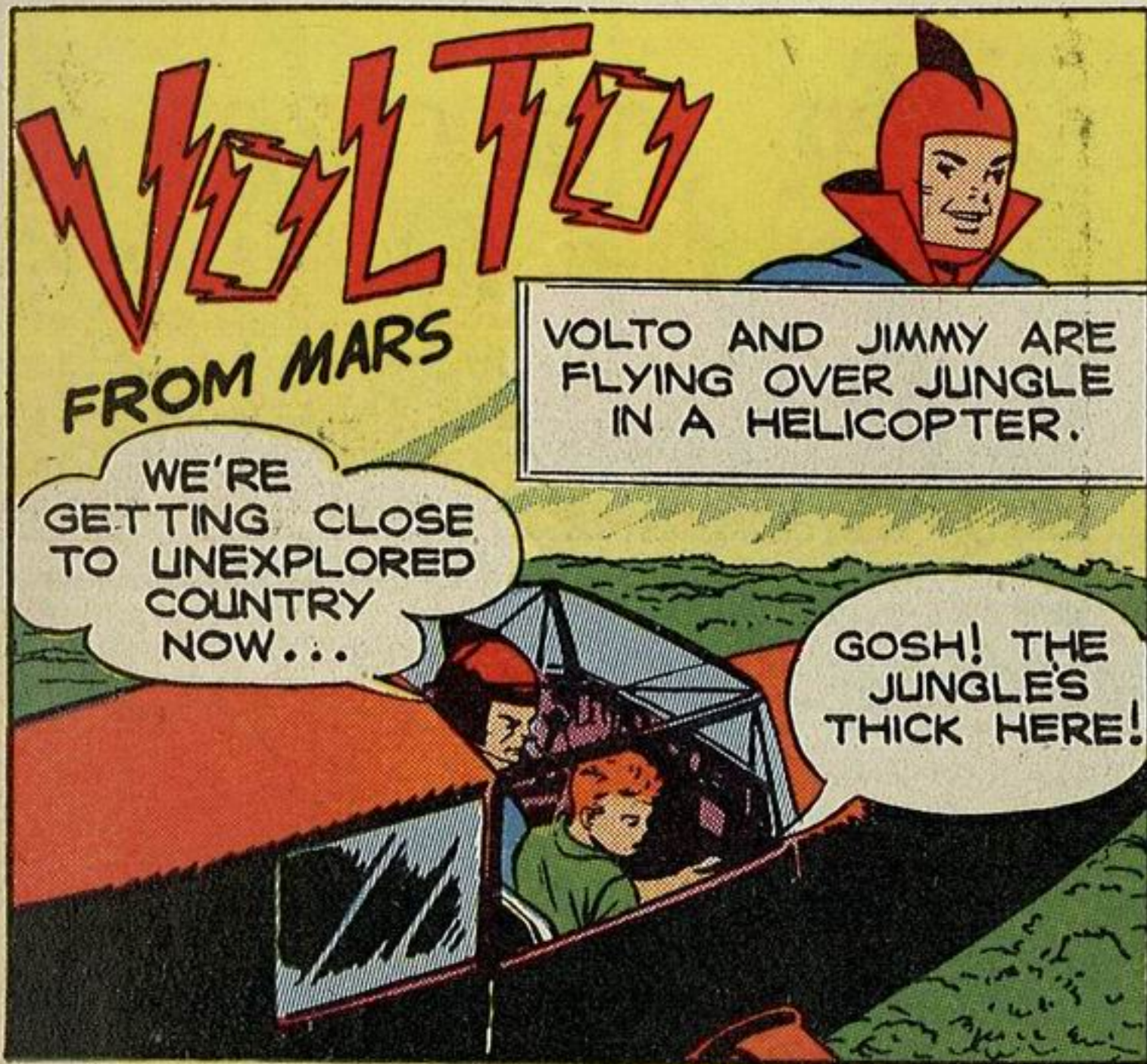
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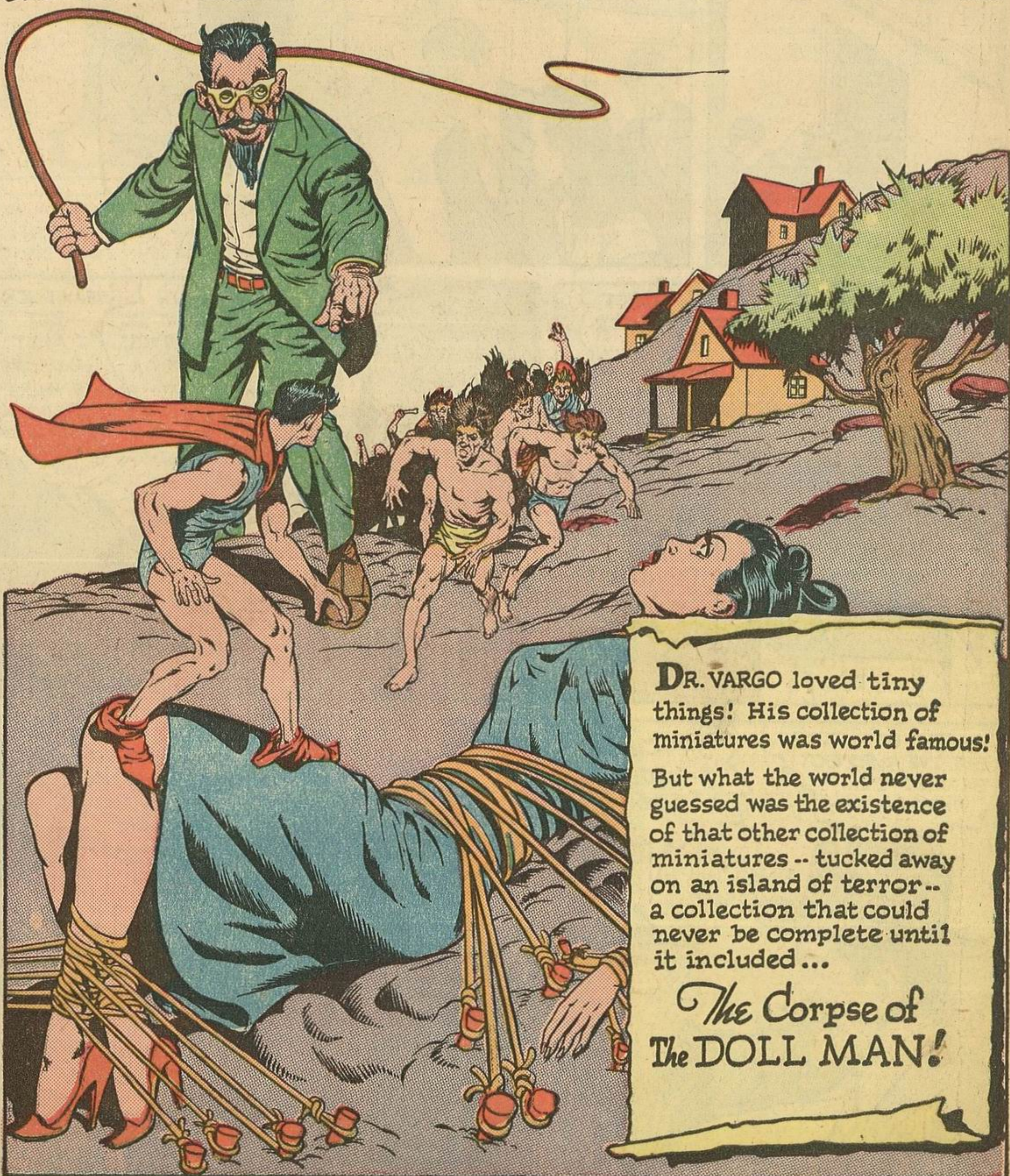


TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

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# THE DOLL MAN



**DR. VARGO** loved tiny things! His collection of miniatures was world famous!

But what the world never guessed was the existence of that other collection of miniatures -- tucked away on an island of terror -- a collection that could never be complete until it included ...

*The Corpse of*  
**The DOLL MAN!**



A world famous collection of miniatures is exhibited to the public....



Among the visitors--Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts....

I'M SO ANXIOUS TO SEE THE MINIATURES, DARREL! I HEAR THEY'RE SIMPLY LOVELY!

SO AM I, MARTHA! I'M PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN TINY THINGS....



IF MARTHA KNEW I WAS THE DOLL MAN, SHE'D UNDERSTAND MY MEANING! BUT THAT'S SOMETHING NOBODY MUST EVER KNOW!



AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?

MAYBE I SHOULD COLLECT MINIATURE FURNITURE FOR DOLL MAN TO RELAX IN... EXCEPT THAT, AS DOLL MAN, I NEVER GET TIME TO RELAX!



At that moment, in a dingier section of town....

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DOPER, IS THAT YOU AREN'T SMART LIKE ME! THE COPS NEVER PUT A FINGER ON ME YET-- AND NEVER WILL!

YEAH, SLICK -- BUT I AIN'T HANDSOME LIKE YOU! I GOTTA WORK MY RACKETS DA HARD WAY!



OH, I'VE GOT LOOKS-- BUT I'VE ALSO GOT BRAINS! I ..... WHAT TH...??.....

OIIICK! S-SLICK! L-L-LOOK!



WHA...!? YIIIIII! WHADDA YOU GUYS WANT? L-LEMME ALONE, YOU TWO! W-WHAT IS THIS --A PINCH?





MMMMFF--BUB--  
GUG--BFFFF!!



YOU GOT ONE --AND A HANDSOME  
ONE, TOO! SPLENDID WORK,  
BUTCH AND DUMMY! YOU'LL  
GET EXTRA CANDY FOR  
THIS ONE!

EEEEEEK!



WH-WHAT IS THIS? YOU  
G-GOTTA NERVE, SNATCHING  
A BIG SHOT LIKE SLICK  
SCANLON! LEMME  
OUTA HERE!

RELAX--ER-SLICK!  
I'M DR. VARGO  
AND I NEEDED A  
TYPE LIKE YOU FOR A  
VITAL EXPERIMENT....



WHAT ARE YOU  
D-DOING? D-DON'T!  
HAL-L-P!

I ALWAYS SELECT  
CRIMINALS FOR MY  
GUINEA PIGS, SLICK!  
THEY'RE SELDOM  
MISSED...



...AND IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG,  
THE WORLD IS NOT DEPRIVED OF  
A VALUED CITIZEN! ISN'T THAT  
CONSIDERATE OF ME?

OOOOOOO!



NOW, INTO THE BATH WITH  
HIM-- QUICKLY! I BELIEVE  
SPEED MAY BE THE  
ESSENCE OF SUCCESS  
IN THIS EXPERIMENT!

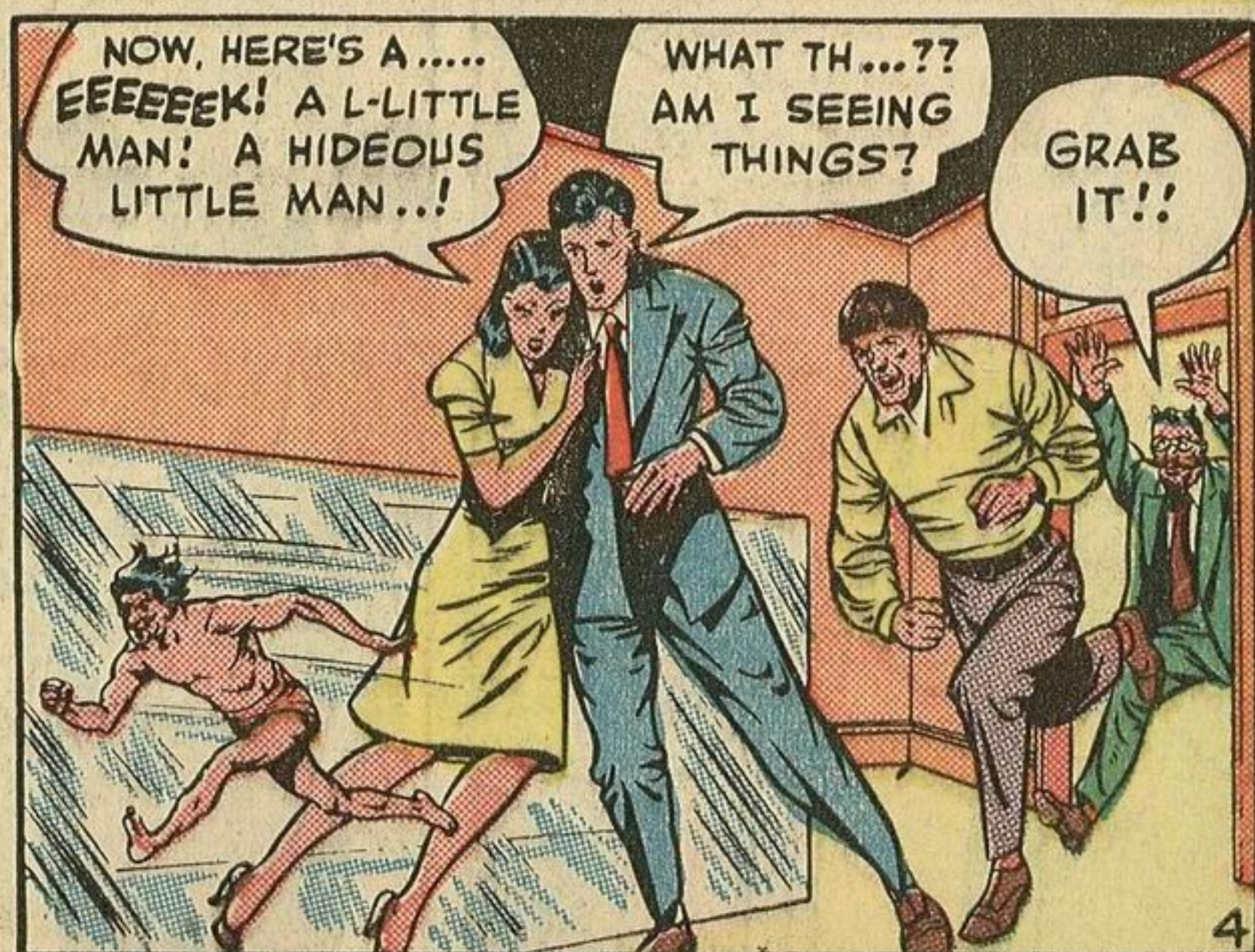


HALLP!  
UB-BLUB...  
LEMME--  
GUG--  
SPLUTTER!

NOT TOO LONG  
UNDER THE SOLUTION,  
BOYS! WE MUSTNT  
DROWN HIM, YOU  
KNOW! JUST SOAK  
HIM THOROUGHLY!



















BRRR! THIS IS THE SPOOKIEST JOB I'VE BEEN ON IN AGES! I'VE GOT THE ODDEST FEELING SOMETHING IS WRONG ABOUT MY GOING LIKE THIS!

If the **DOLL MAN** saw Martha Roberts at this moment, he might feel even worse....

THAT DARREL DANE! HE'S STOOD ME UP FOR THE LAST TIME! I'M GOING TO FIND HIM AND TELL HIM EXACTLY HOW I FEEL ABOUT BEING LEFT HERE ALONE FOR AN ENTIRE HOUR!



HE WENT IN HERE AND DIDN'T COME OUT! SO HE MUST STILL BE HERE!



OH--ER--EXCUSE ME, SIR! I THOUGHT---

WHA...?? AH-H-H! WHAT A LOVELY CHILD! COME IN, MY DEAR! PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU!



WELL--AH--MY FIANCE, DARREL DANE CAME THROUGH THAT DOOR AND I WAS HUNTING FOR HIM! I---

NOBODY CAME THROUGH THAT DOOR.... EXCEPT THE **DOLL MAN**! COULD THERE BE SOME CONNECTION?



I MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG! I'LL GO AT ONCE!

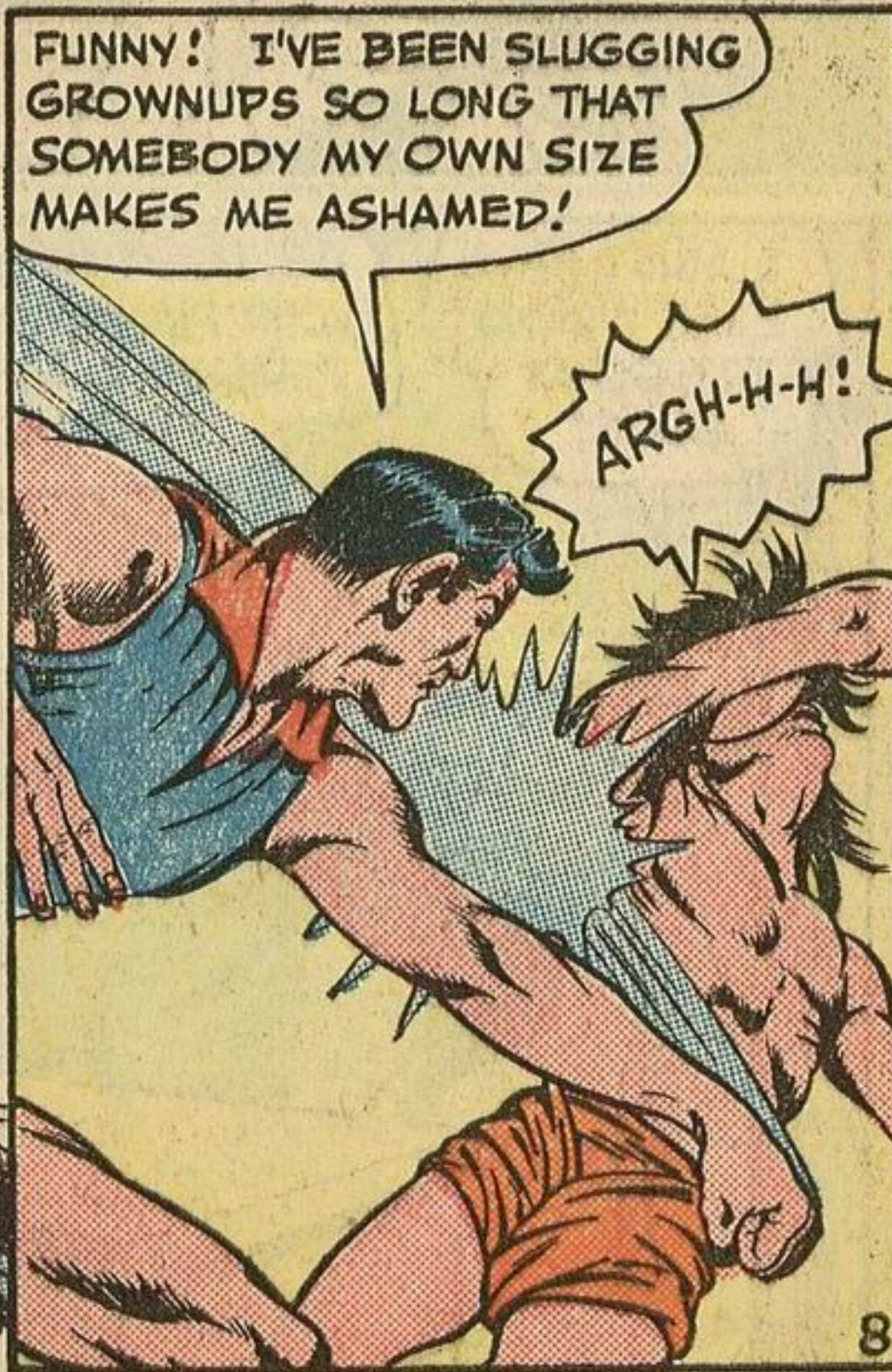
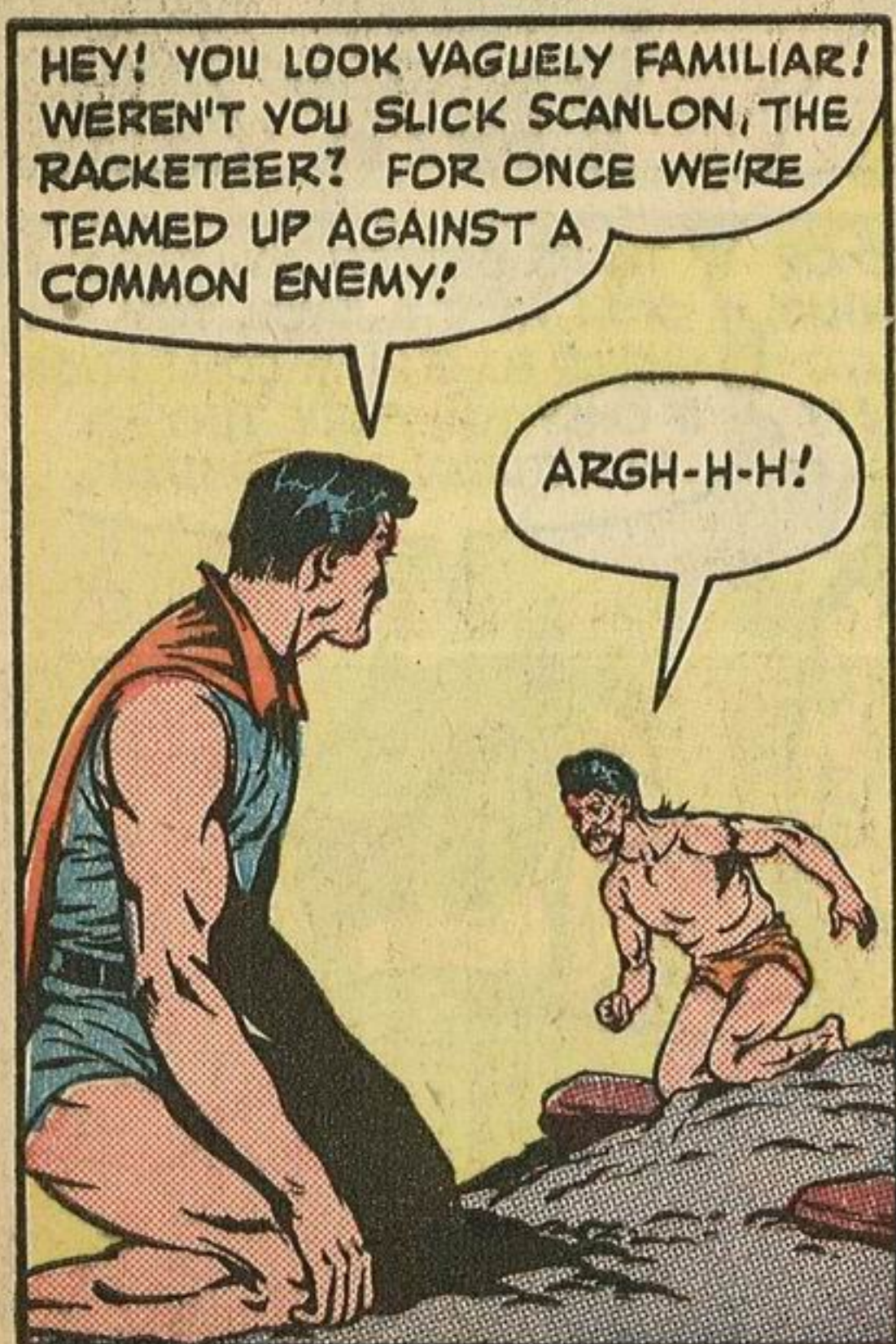
OH, DON'T GO YET! DESCRIBE YOUR FIANCE, MY DEAR! PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU FIND HIM!



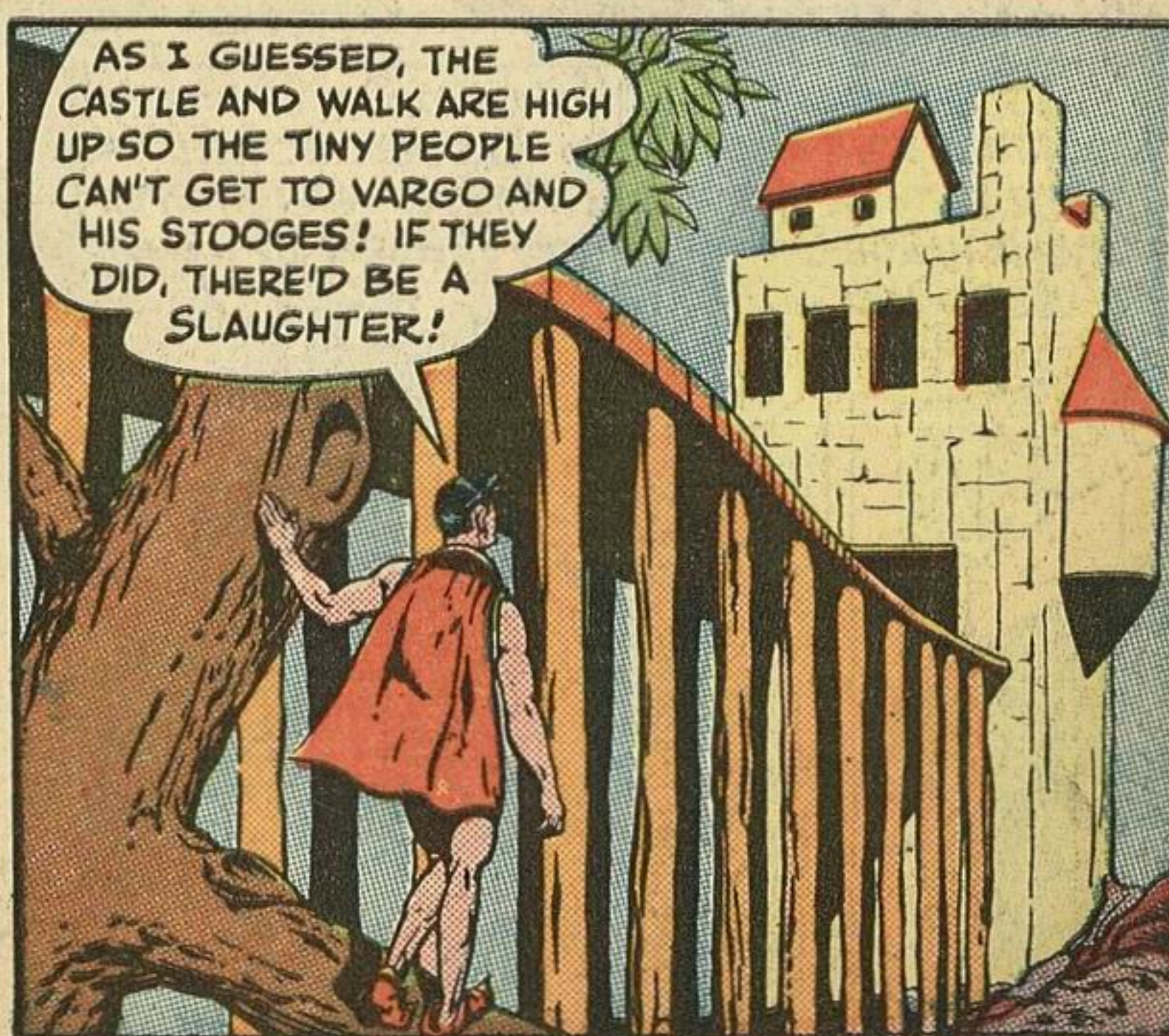
NO! LET GO OF MY ARM! WHAT ARE YOU ..... AH-H-H-H!!!

THAT'S BETTER, MY LOVELY ONE! WHAT A JEWEL YOU WOULD MAKE IN MY COLLECTION IF ONLY YOU WERE TINY--A MINIATURE! I WONDER....

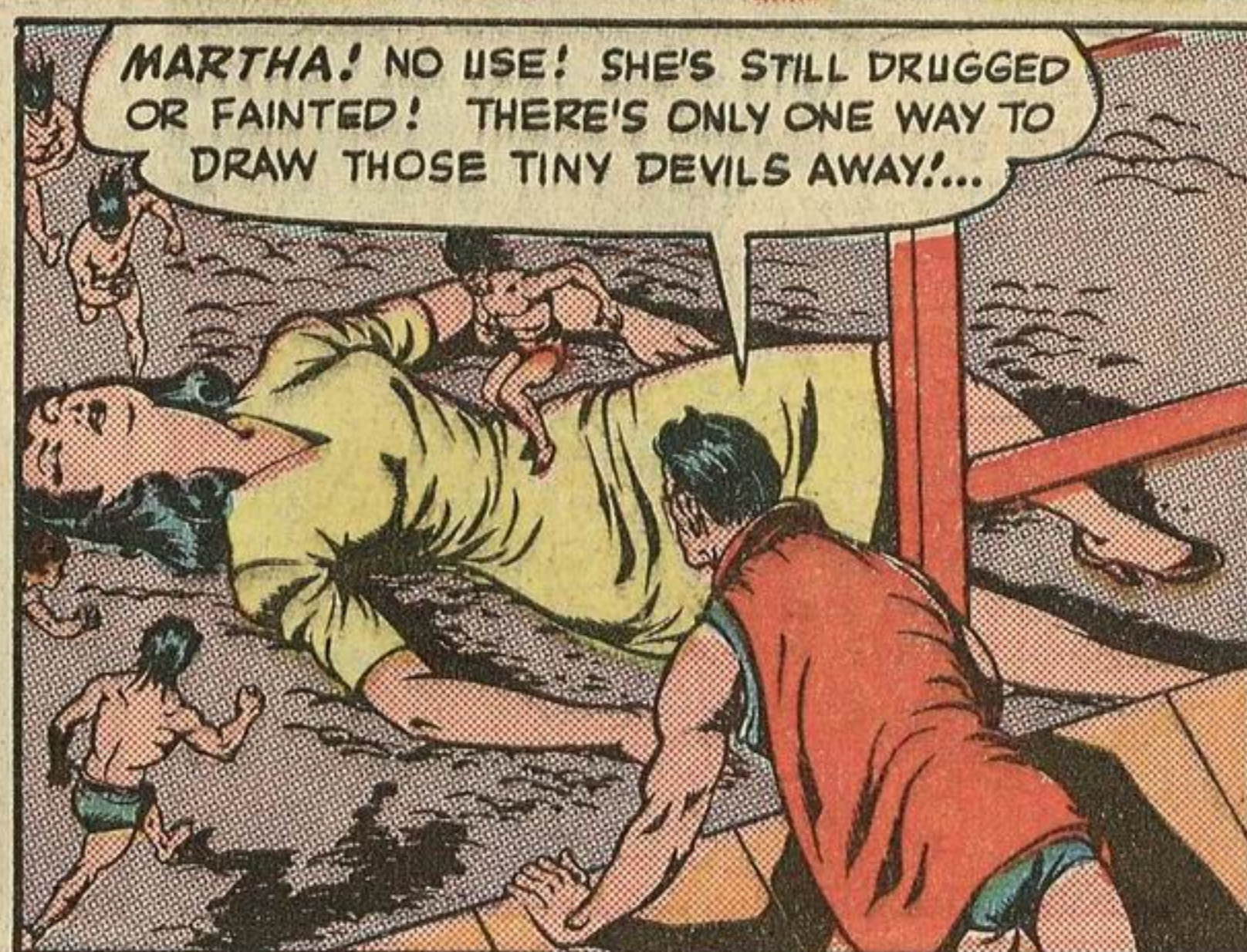








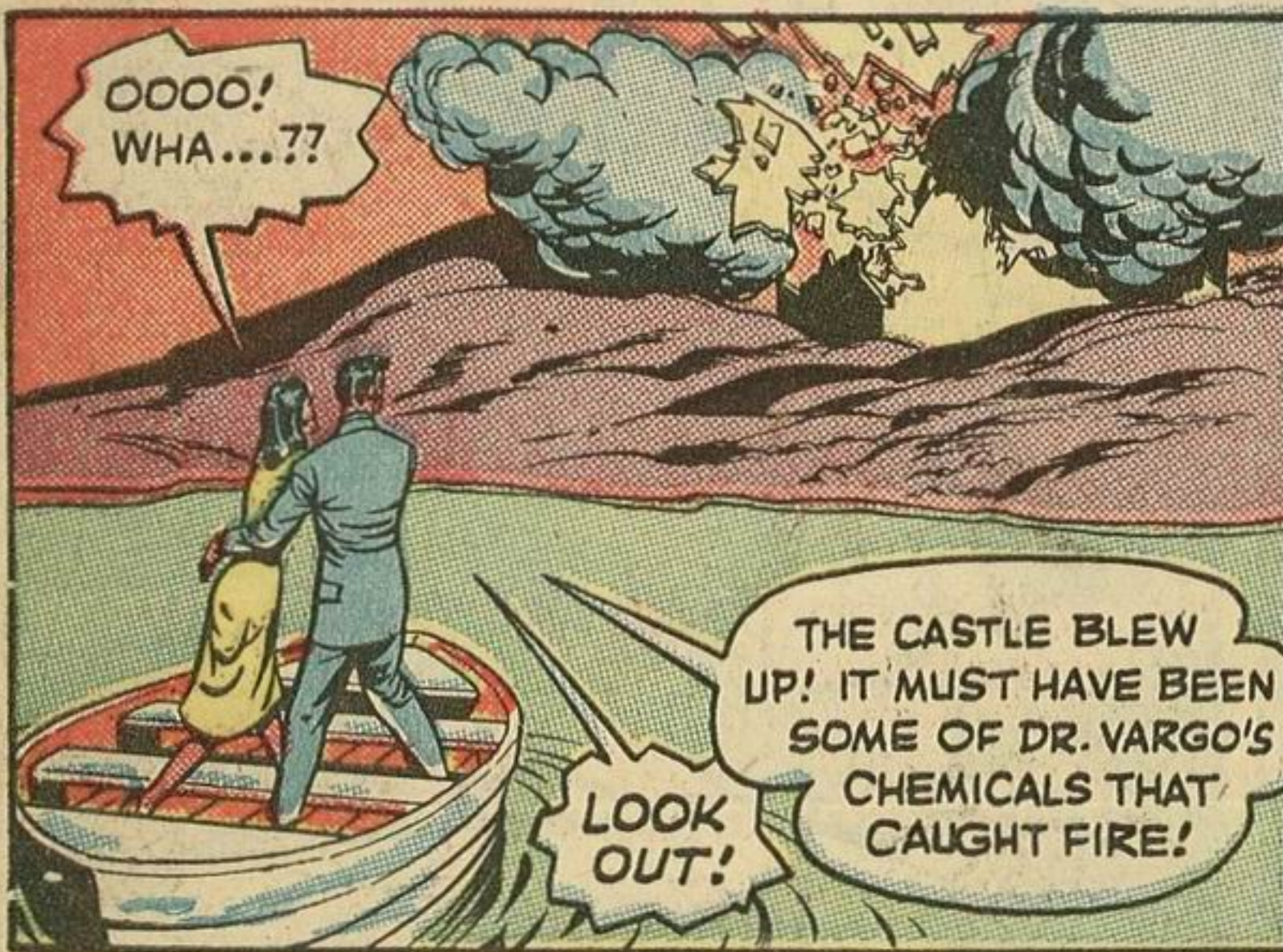
















"**I**F looks could kill.....!" How many people have said that? Yet no one believes a look actually can bring death! Nor did tiny, dynamic **DOLL MAN** until he saw men step into the path of The Man With The Terrible Eyes..... and **DIE!**



Dr. Roberts, his daughter Martha and her fiance, Darrel Dane, leave a lecture hall....

TORRELL WAS VERY GOOD TONIGHT! I MUST CONGRATULATE HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT!

Dr. TORRELL  
LECTURES  
TONIGHT AT 8:30  
ON  
"OCCULT  
MYSTERIES  
IN SCIENCE"

HERE COMES TORRELL NOW! I'LL ONLY BE A MINUTE!

MY DEAR DR. TORRELL, I WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR NERVE IN GIVING A LECTURE ON A SUBJECT YOU KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT!

WHA...WHAT?  
I BEG YOUR  
PARDON!

N-NO!... NO!

DO I STARTLE YOU WITH MY BLUNTNESS? I'M SO SORRY, DR. TORRELL, BUT YOU SEE -----!

AGH-H-H!

I'M AFRAID DR. TORRELL DOESN'T FEEL WELL! SOMEBODY'D BETTER GET A DOCTOR!

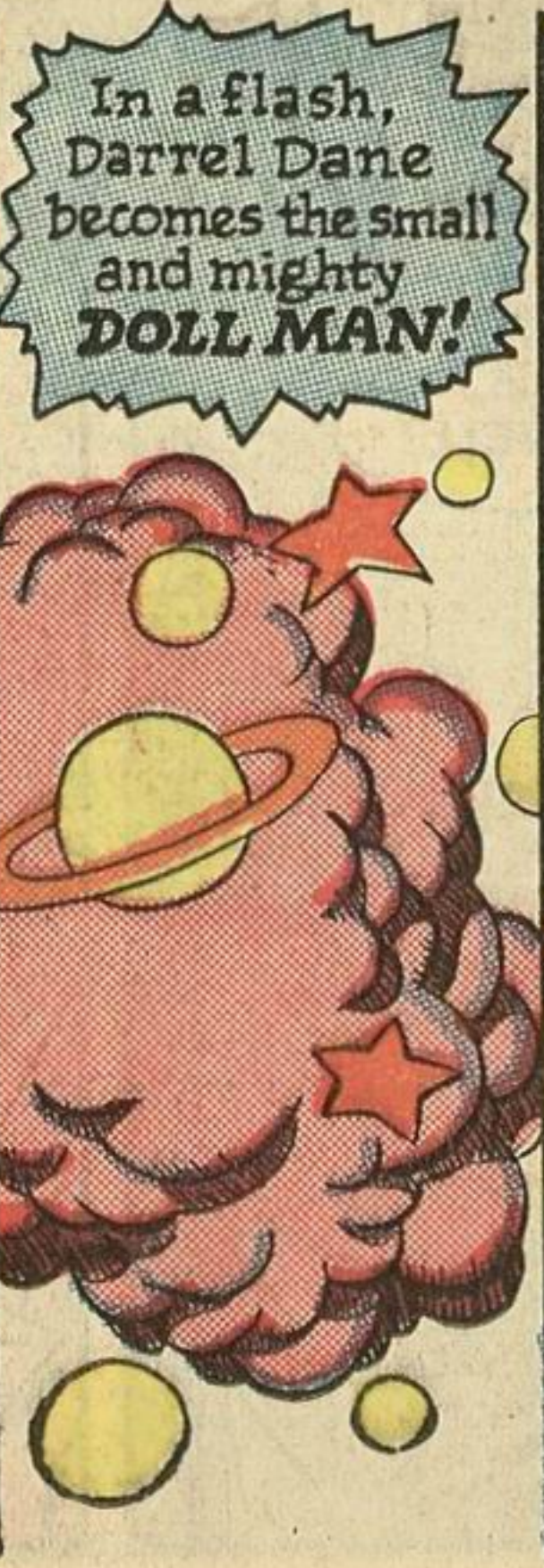
TORRELL, WHAT'S WRONG?

GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S DEAD!

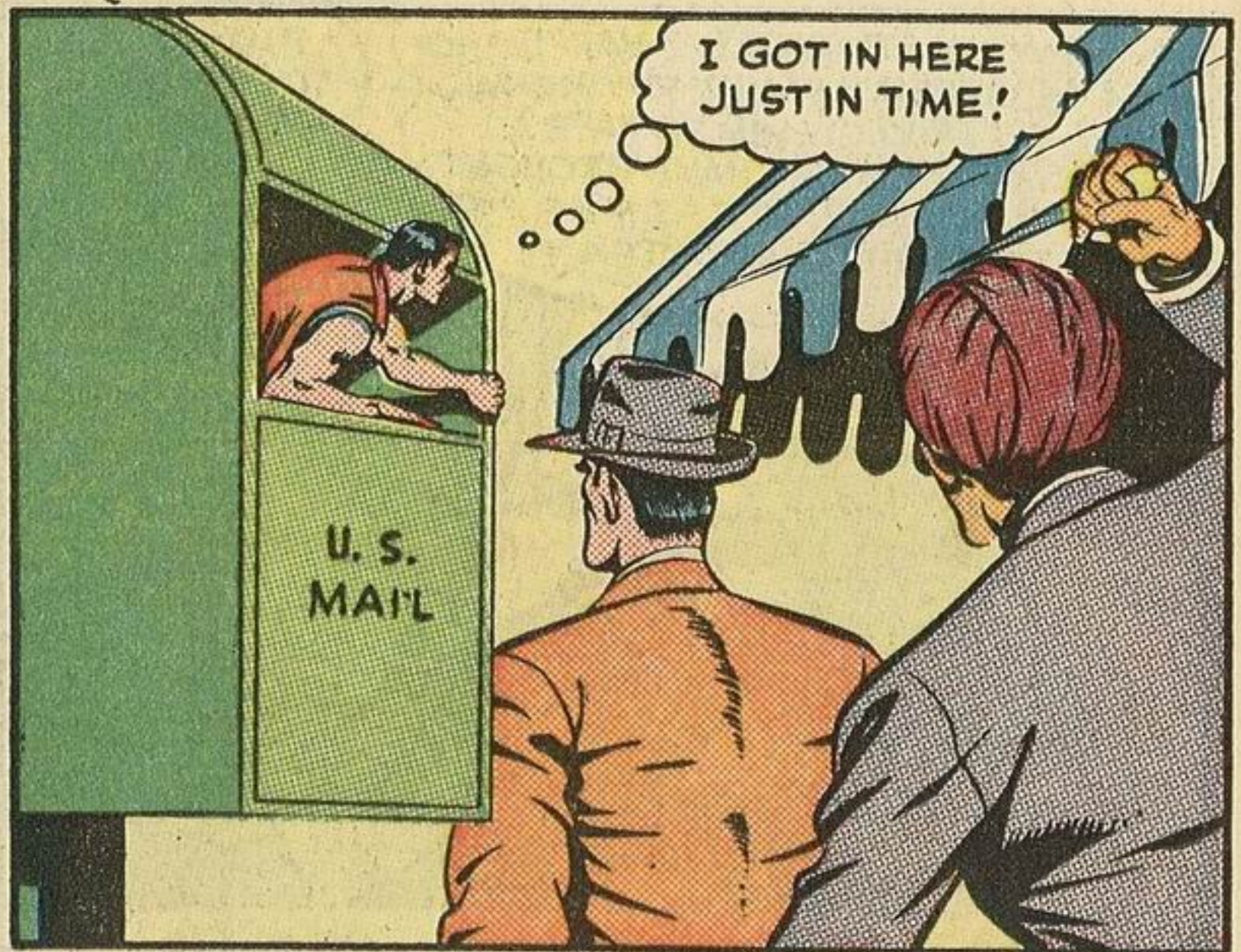
DARREL, DID YOU SEE THE TERRIBLE EYES ON THAT MAN WHO WAS TALKING TO HIM?

WEIRD LOOKING FELLOW, WASN'T HE?





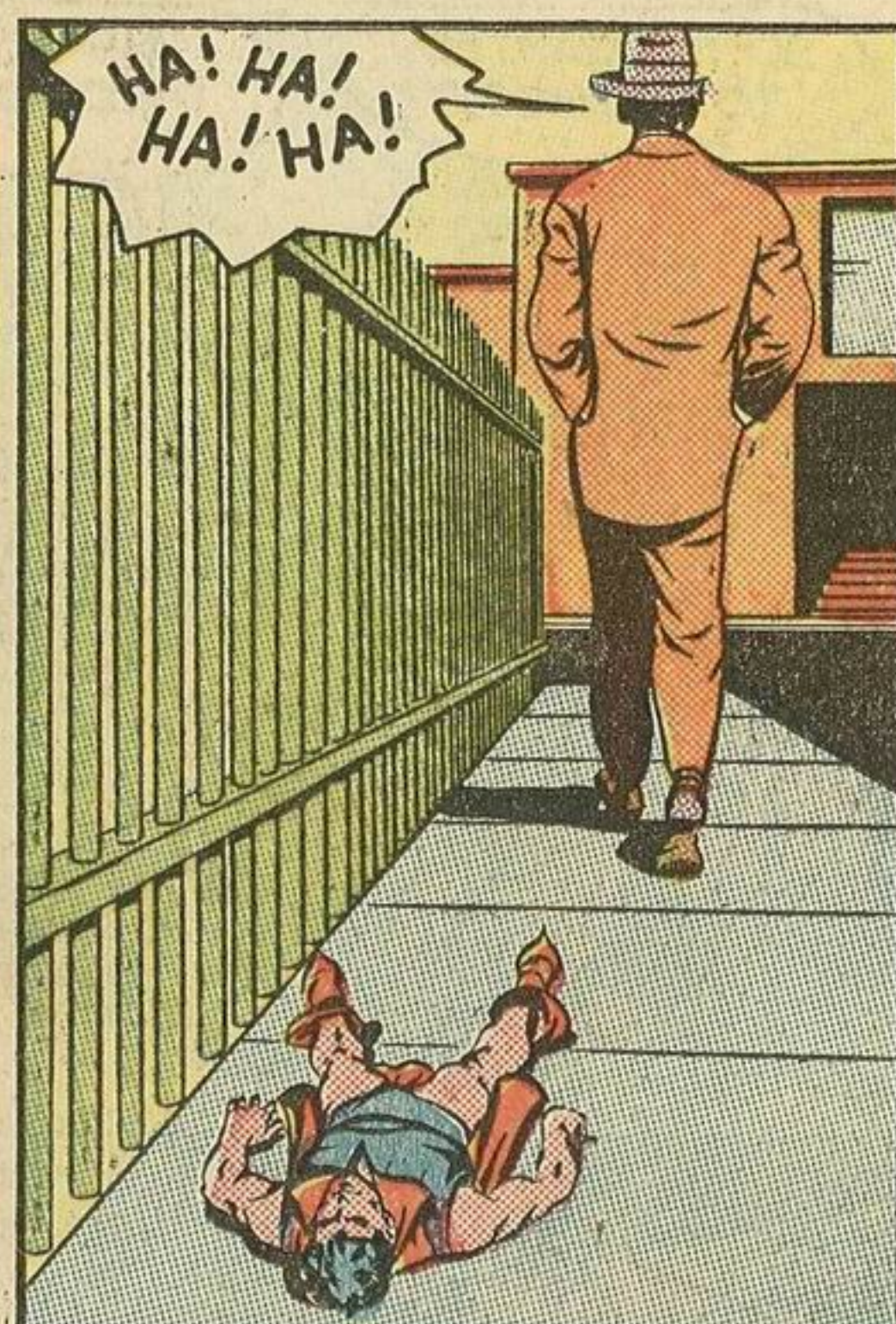
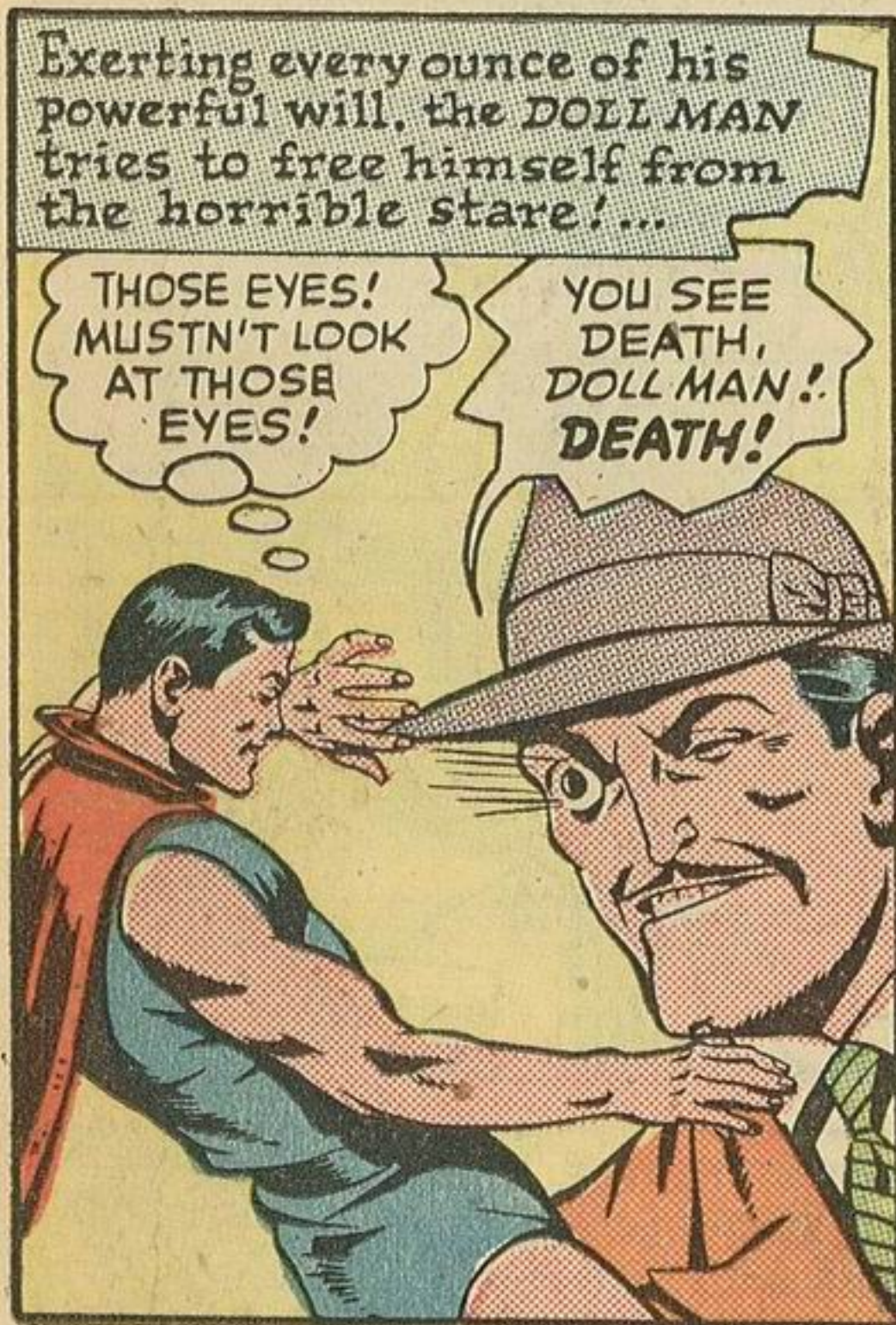




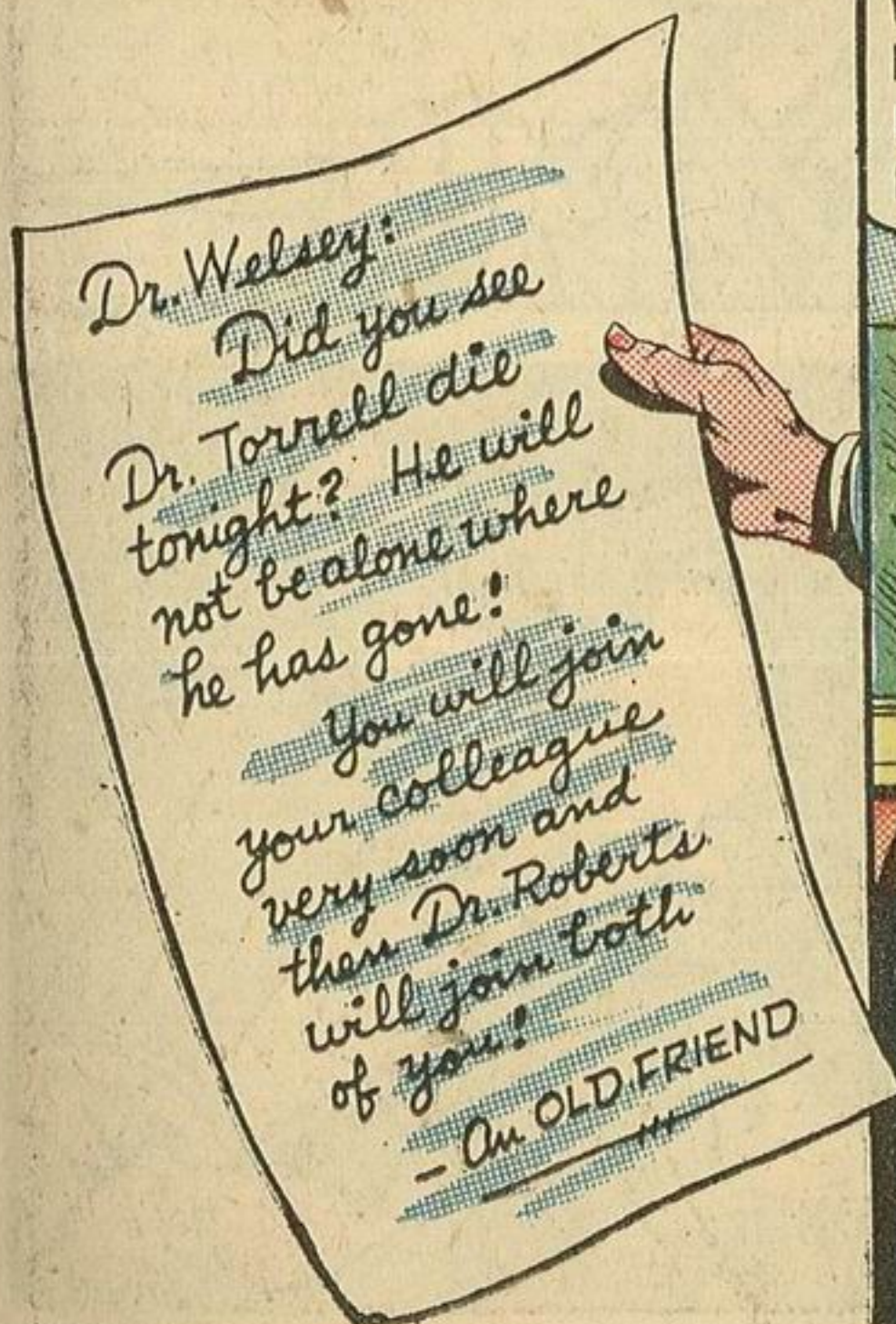




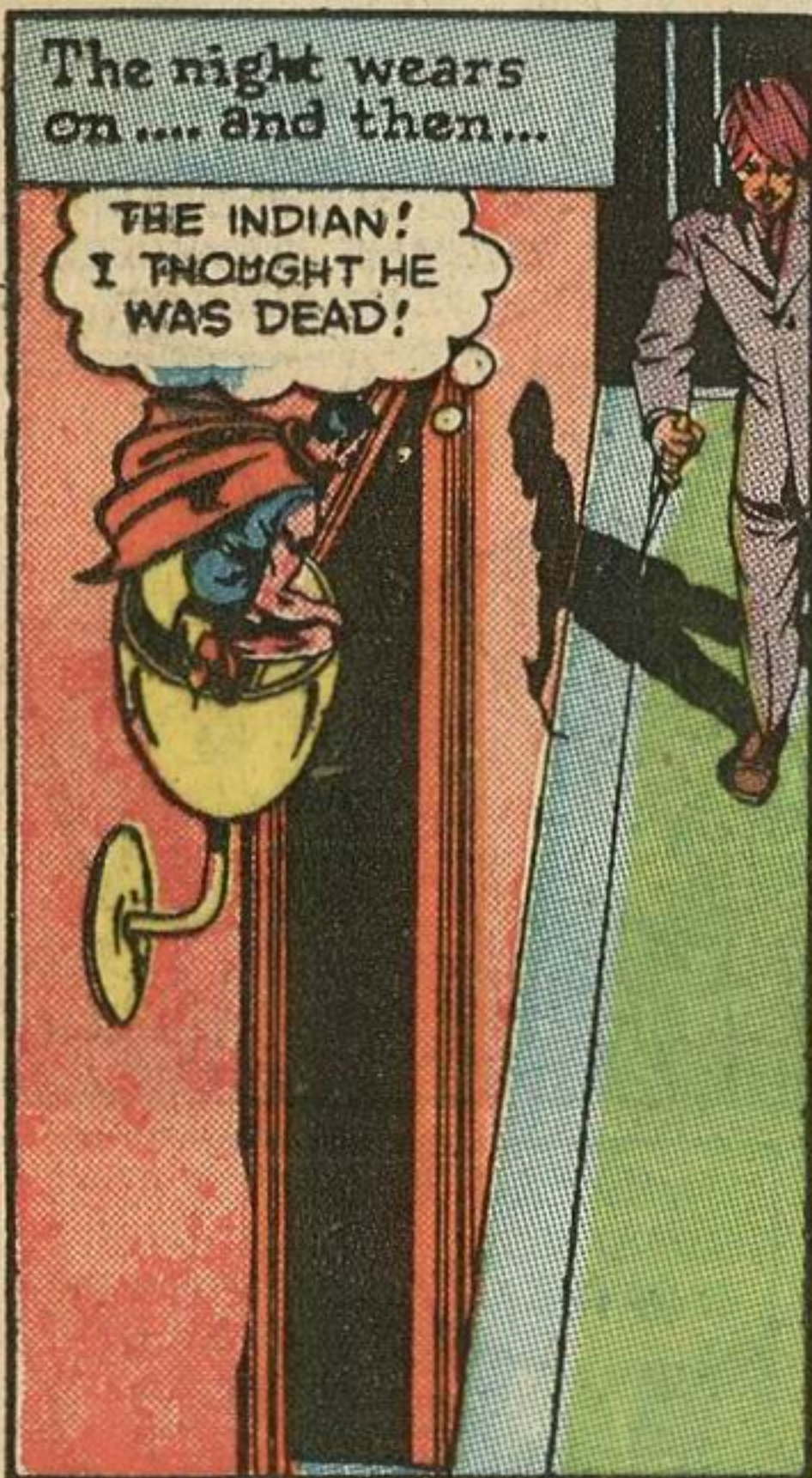
















SOMEONE'S COMING!



THE MAN WITH THE TERRIBLE EYES! THEN I WAS RIGHT!



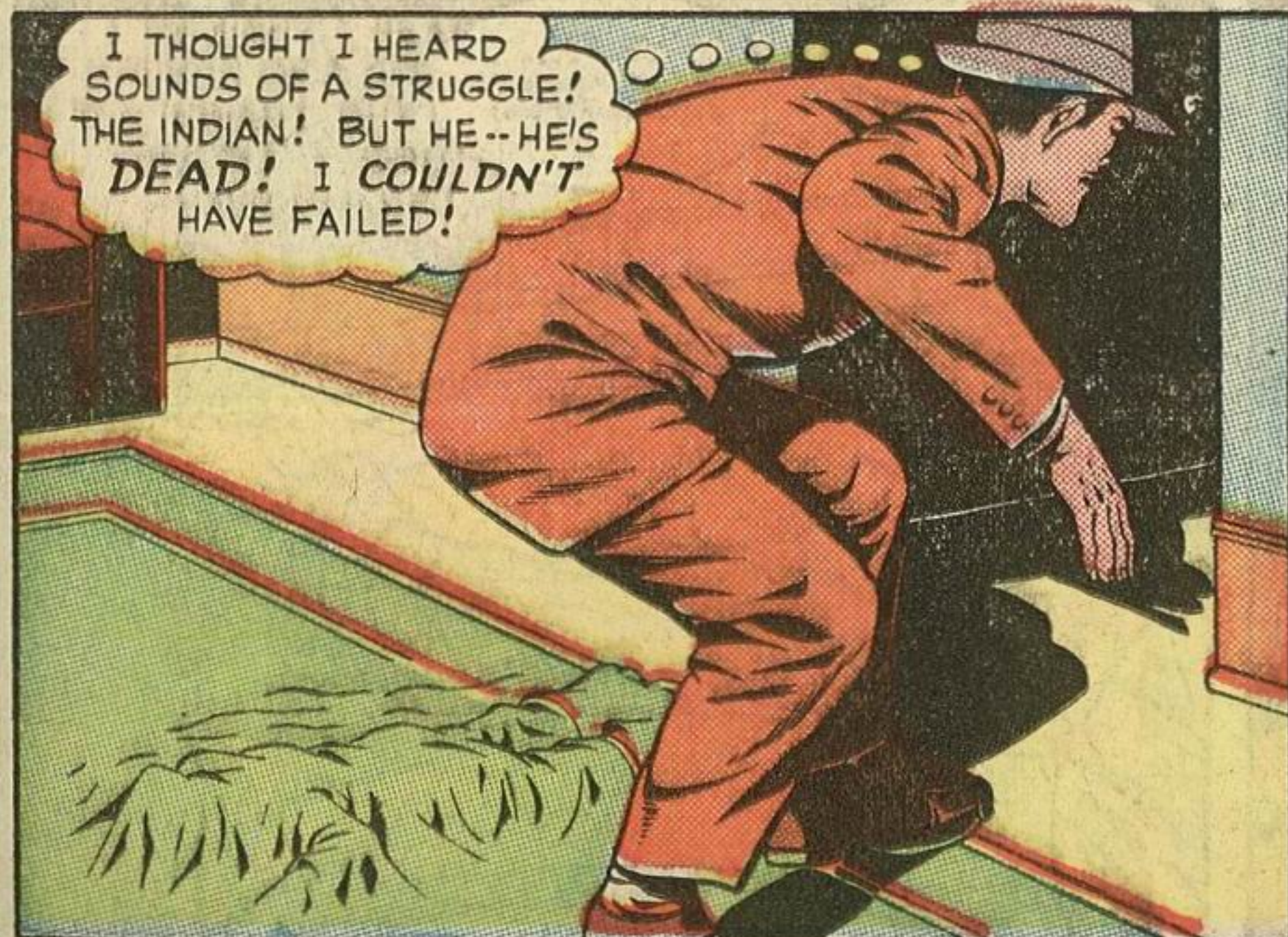
THIS TIME, I WON'T PLAY HIS GAME!



YOU WILL NOT INTERFERE AGAIN IN A TASK THAT MUST BE DONE!



YOU ASKED FOR THIS!



I THOUGHT I HEARD SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE! THE INDIAN! BUT HE--HE'S DEAD! I COULDN'T HAVE FAILED!



DR. WELSEY MUST BE IN THE GUEST ROOM! I MUST GET THERE AT ONCE!



I'LL SEE ABOUT THE INDIAN LATER! SINCE WELSEY WAS COOPERATIVE ENOUGH TO COME TO DR. ROBERTS' HOUSE, I MUST NOT WASTE TIME IN DISPOSING OF BOTH OF THEM!



AWAKE, WELSEY! AWAKE FOR THE LAST TIME!

WH-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



LOOK INTO MY EYES AND SEE, DR. WELSEY!

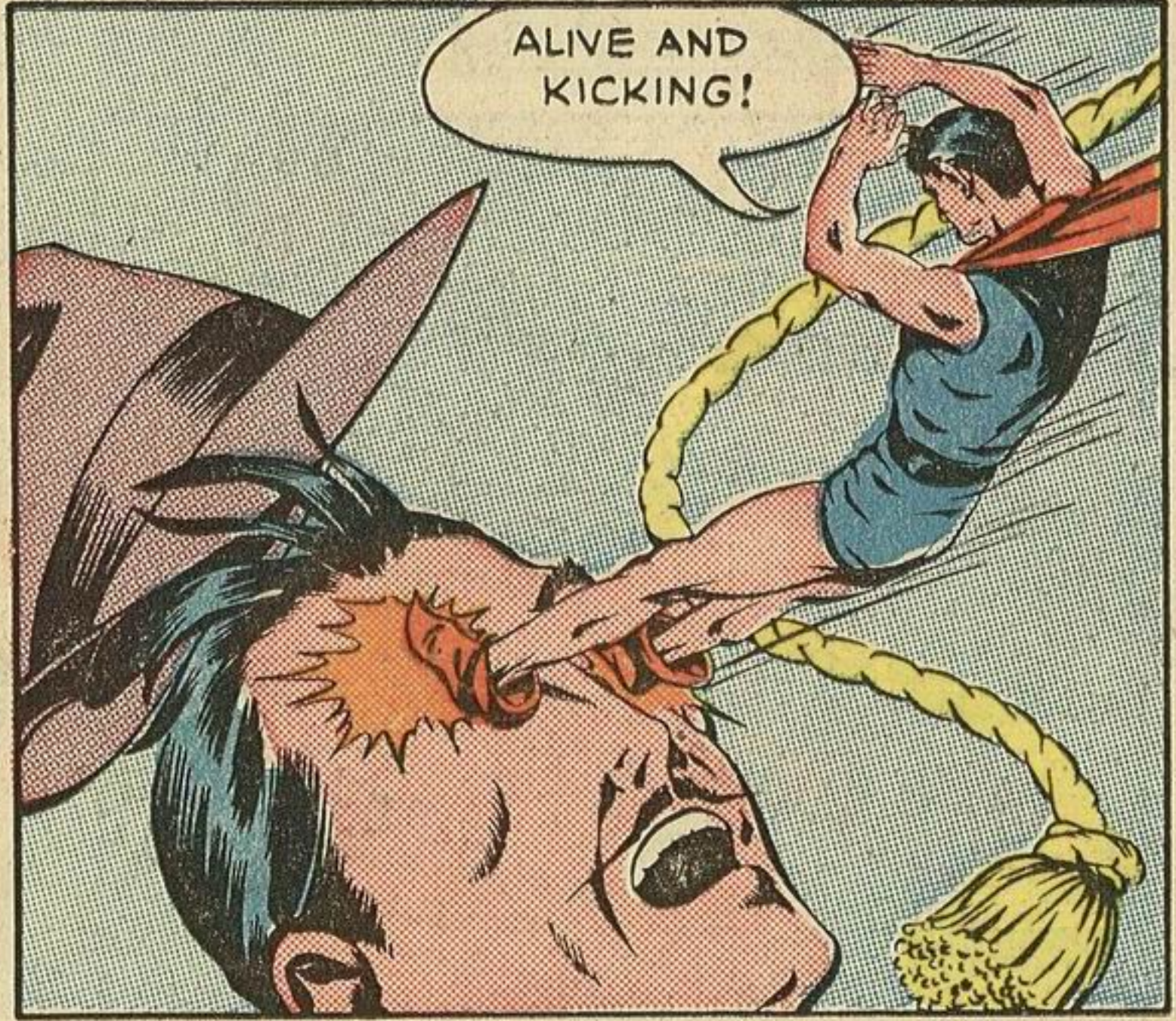


THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, DR. WELSEY! I'M GOING TO BLACKEN THOSE EYES SO THEY WON'T BE VERY GOOD TO LOOK AT!

THE DOLL MAN! ALIVE?



ALIVE AND KICKING!

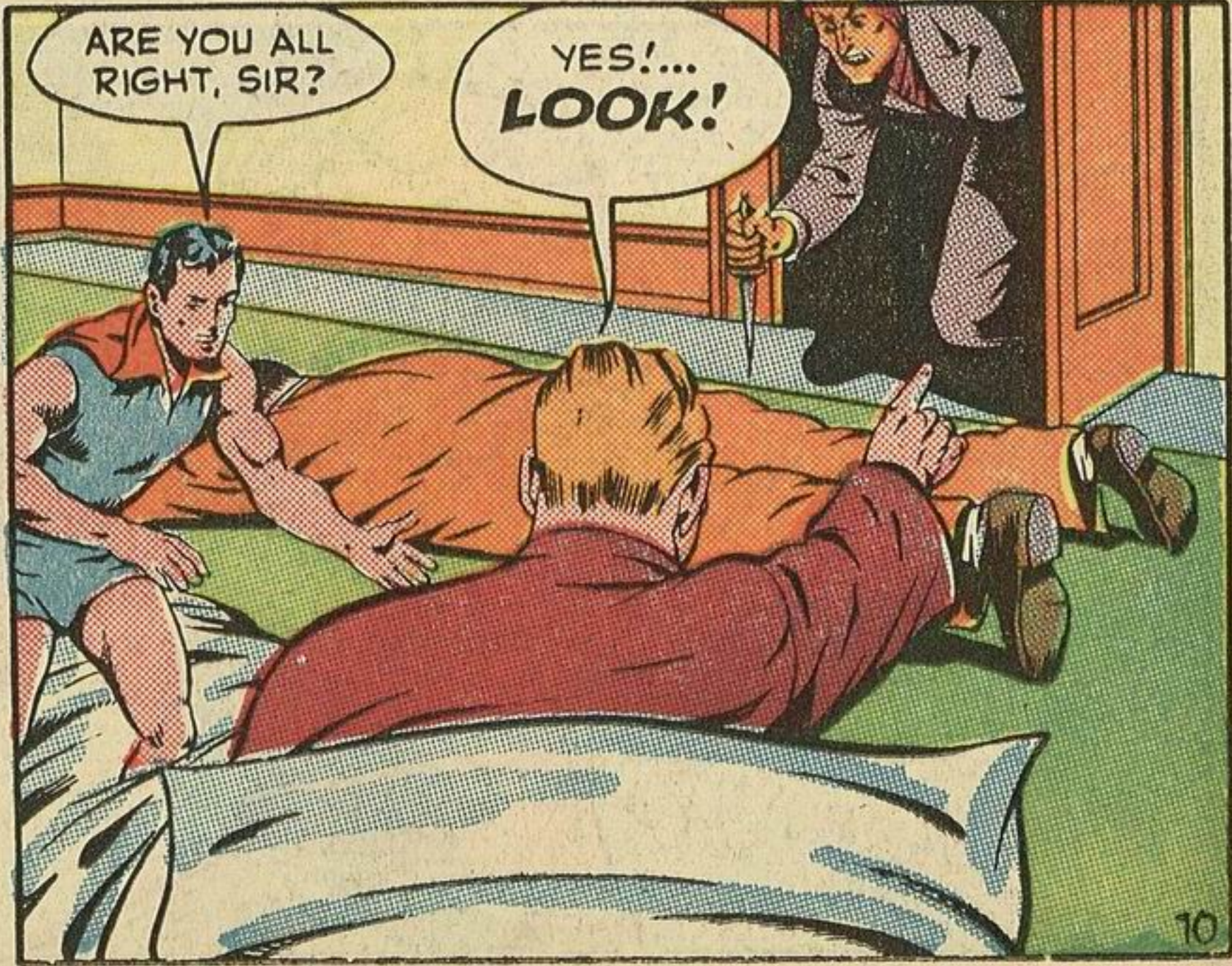


STILL DOUBT WHETHER I'M LIVING? WHEN YOU COME OUT OF THIS, YOU CAN EXPLAIN HOW YOU LEARNED TO COMMAND PEOPLE TO DIE IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE!

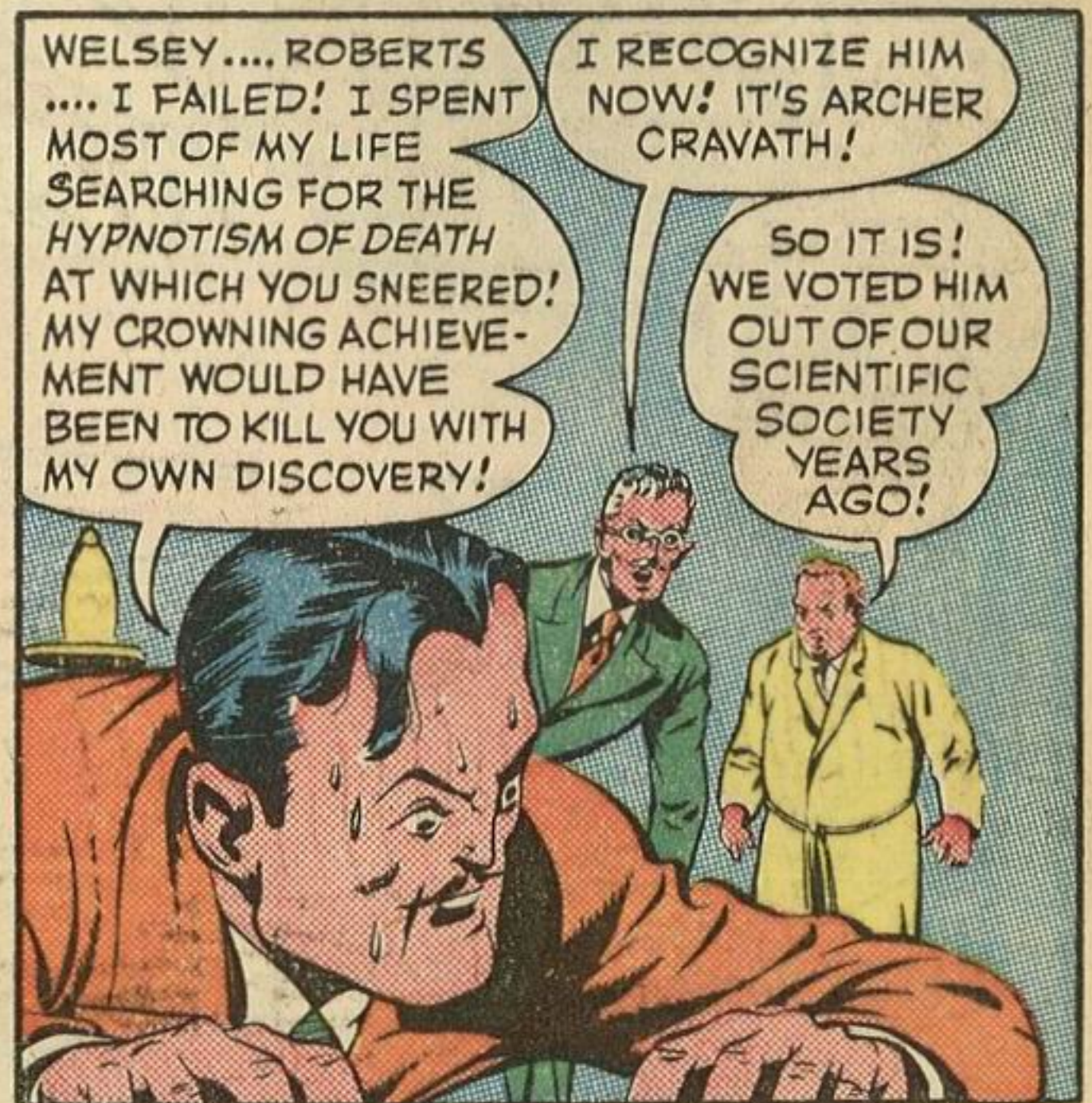
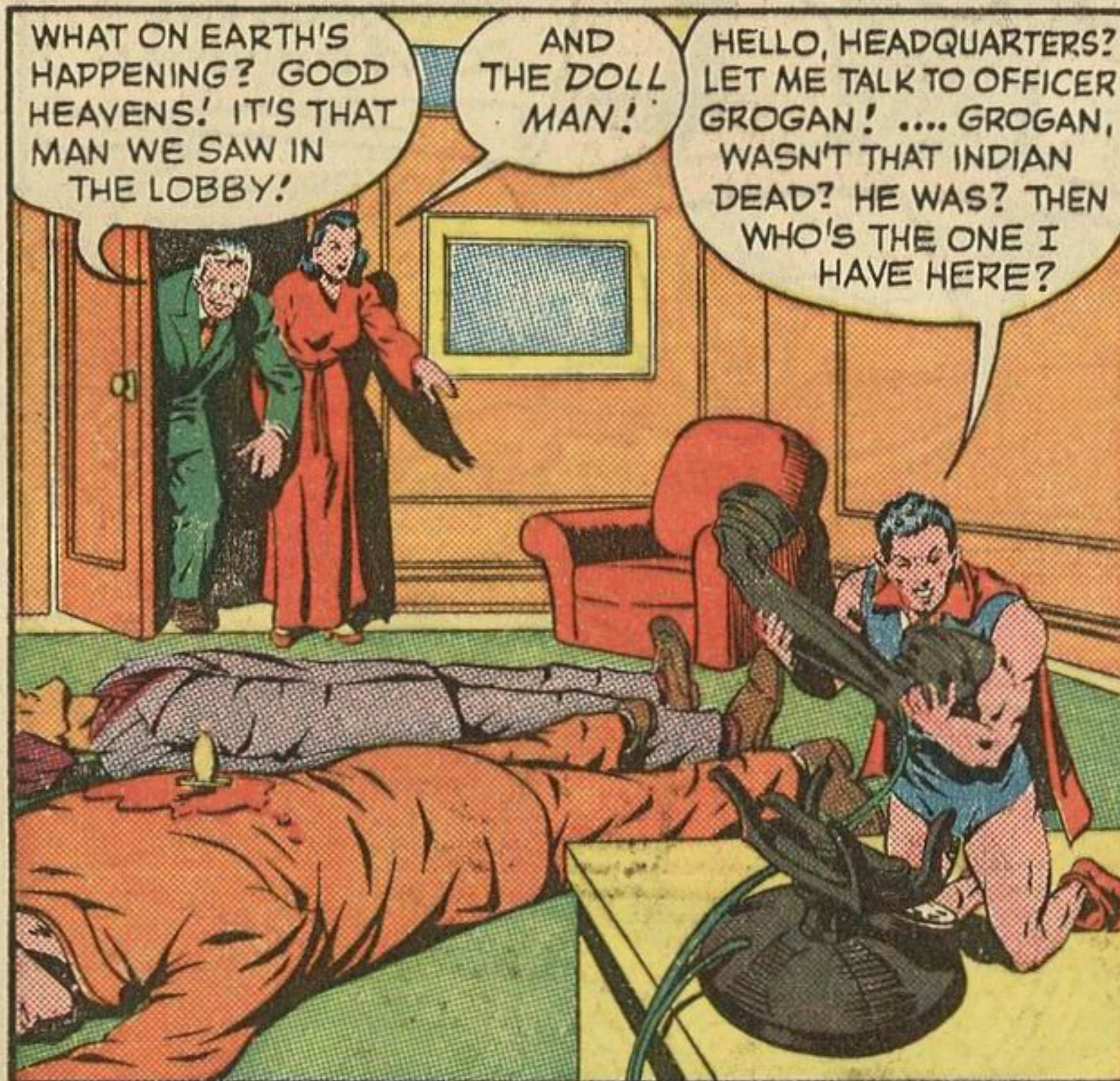


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?

YES!... **LOOK!**











Out of one job and into another! That's Torchy Todd! And often it's out of the frying pan into the fire.... for an angelic face, a curvaceous figure and a too ready tongue get this would-be career woman in and out of more trouble than you'd think one gal could survive!

YOU SURE ARE A POPULAR MAYOR, YOUR HONOR! PEOPLE ALWAYS COME OUT TO LOOK AT YOU!

HARUMPH!



...AND STAY OUT!

I'LL PHOTOGRAPH YOU MYSELF, YOUR HONOR! PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES!

I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE!



THERE GOES ANOTHER JOB! AND, GOSH, ALL I SAID WAS THAT CLIENT HAD A FACE LIKE A FROG! HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE COULD HEAR ME?



PHOTOGRAPHER WANTED!





FOUR CENTS!



WELL, I STILL HAVE A CAN OF BEANS AT HOME -- BUT I'LL HAVE TO WALK TO GET THERE!



I OUGHT TO SUE THAT PHOTOGRAPHER! HE MADE ME BREAK THIS BUCKLE WHEN HE -- ER -- SHOWED ME TO THE DOOR!



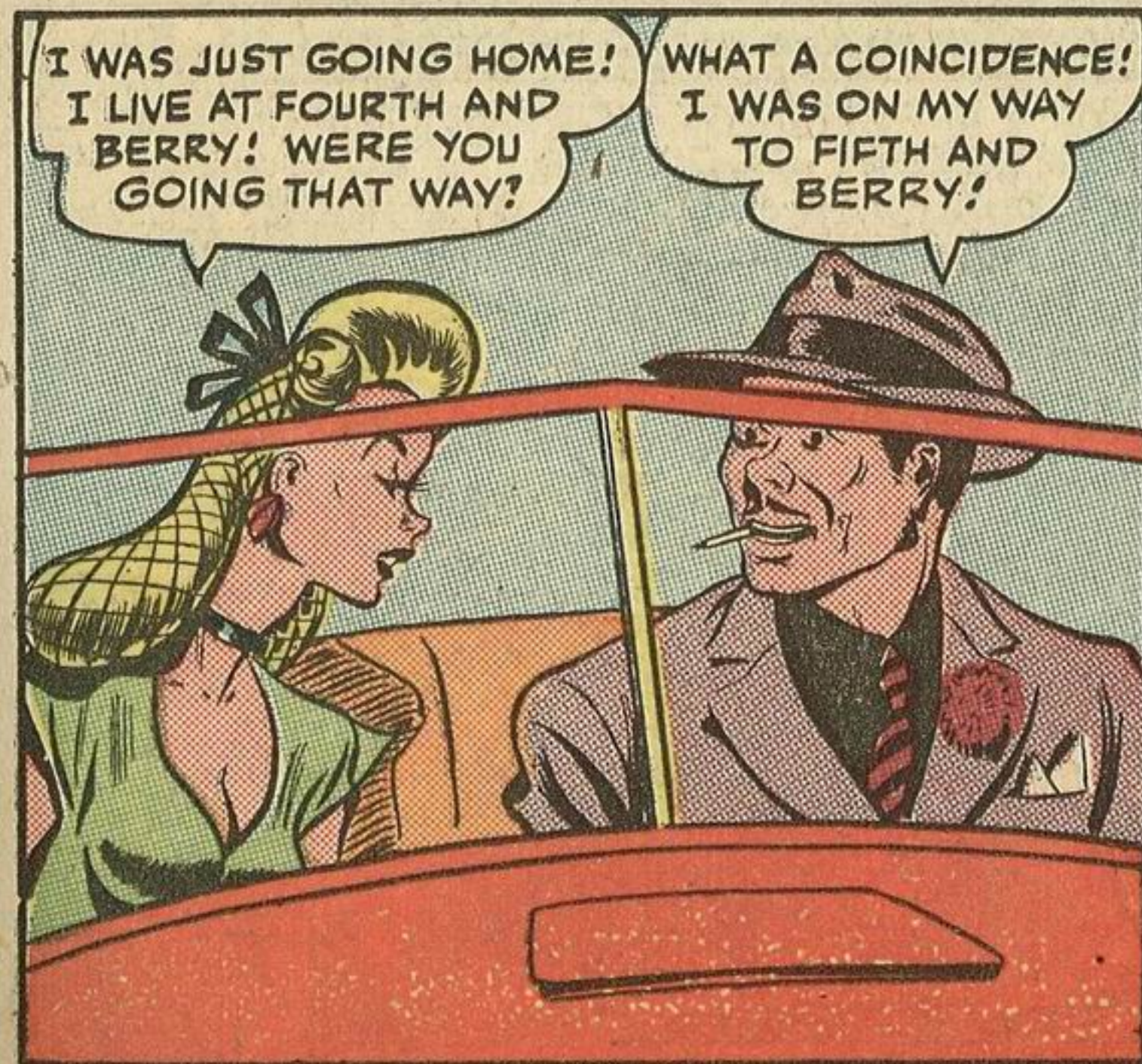
SCREECH!

WHOO-WHOO!



MAY I GIVE YOU A LIFT, MISS?

IT'S FOUR MILES ACROSS TOWN! MAYBE I OUGHT TO TAKE IT!



I WAS JUST GOING HOME! I LIVE AT FOURTH AND BERRY! WERE YOU GOING THAT WAY?

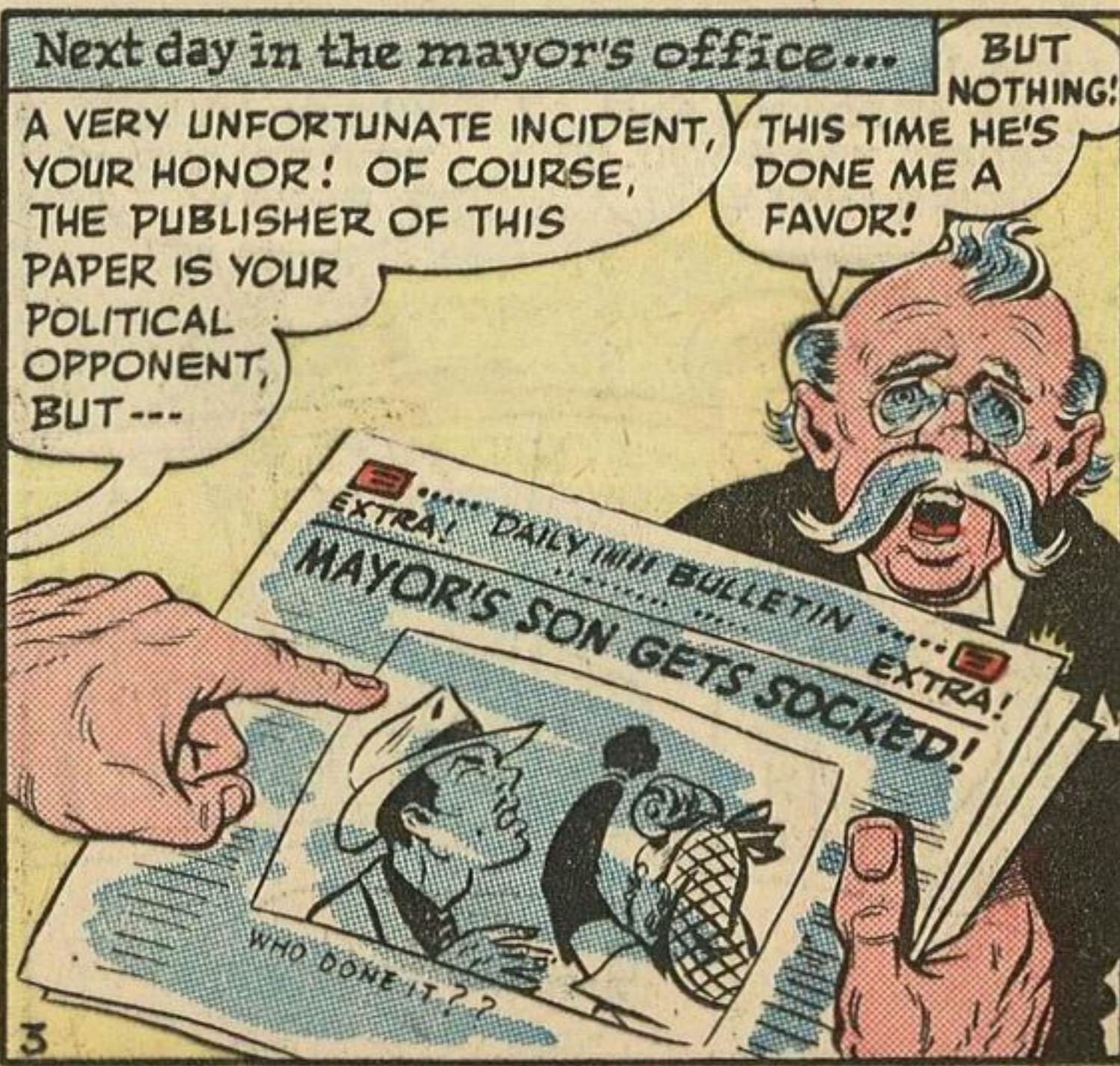
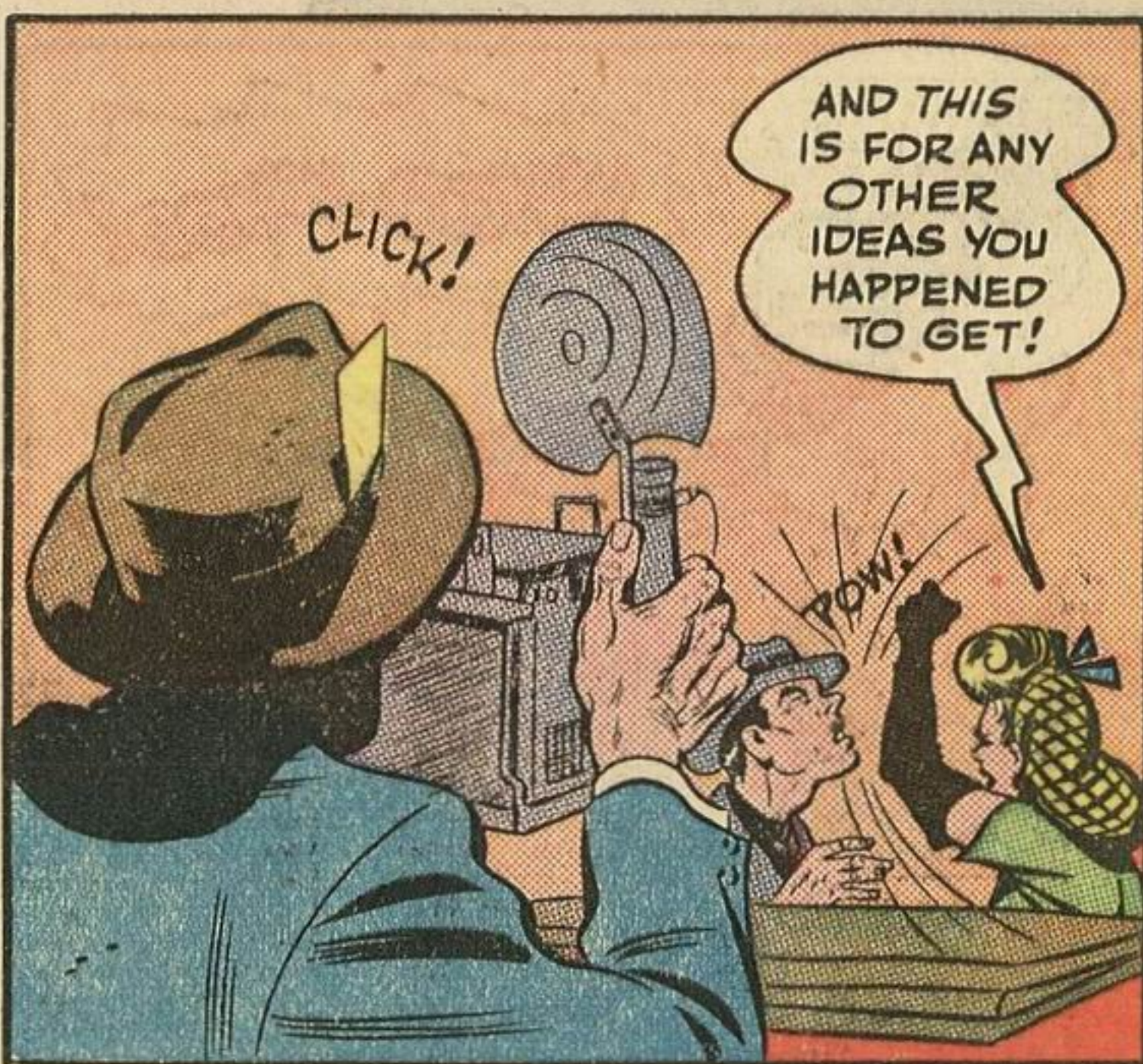
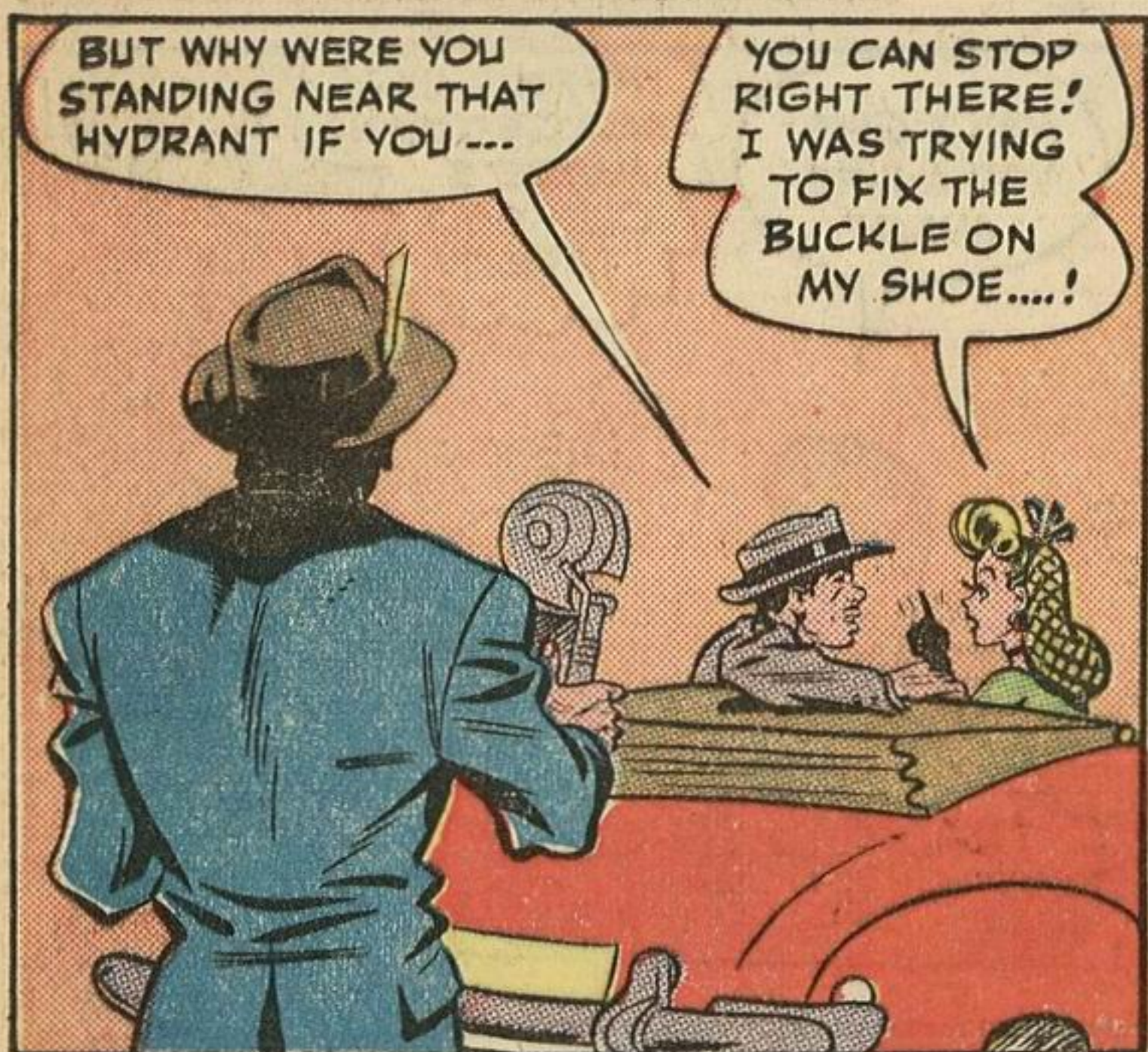
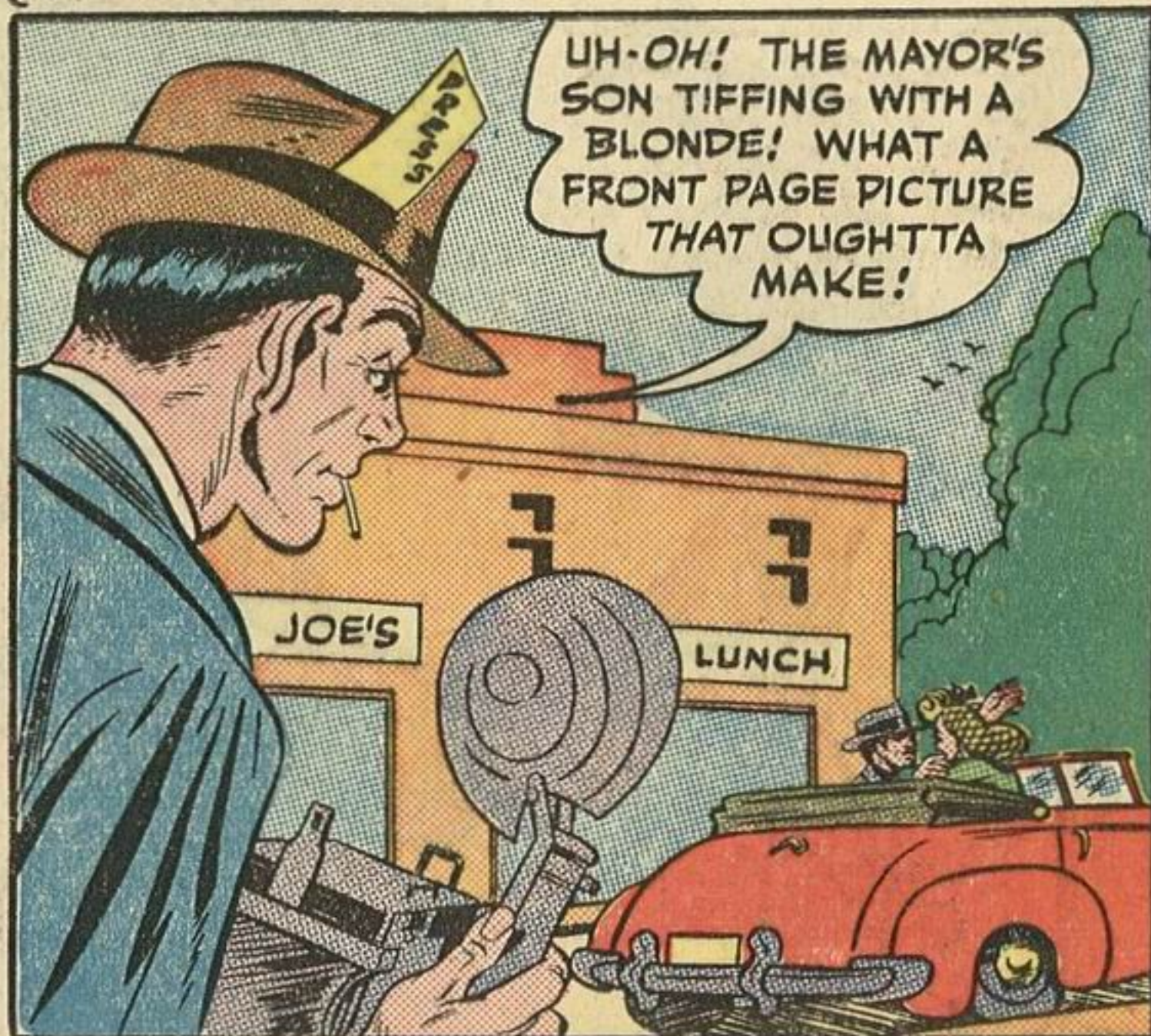
WHAT A COINCIDENCE! I WAS ON MY WAY TO FIFTH AND BERRY!



THAT'S MY CORNER! I'LL GET OUT WHILE THE LIGHT'S STILL RED!

HUH?







A CRACK ON THE JAW IS JUST WHAT MY SON NEEDED TO BRING HIM TO HIS SENSES! I WISH I COULD FIND THAT YOUNG LADY AND PUT HER TO WORK IN HIS OFFICE! A GIRL LIKE THAT WOULD SEE TO IT THAT HE STUCK TO BUSINESS!



WE'LL TRY TO FIND HER, YOUR HONOR!



HULLO! CARE TO HAVE SOME OF THE LAST HALF OF A CAN OF BEANS?



YOUNG LADY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE SECRETARY TO THE MAYOR'S SON? THE MAYOR'S SON, AS YOU KNOW, HAPPENS TO BE SECRETARY TO THE MAYOR!

SECRETARY TO THE SECRETARY! IT SOUNDS COMPLICATED! ... HOW MUCH WILL IT PAY?

FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR!



WOW! FOR FIVE GRAND A YEAR I'D BE SECRETARY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE SECRETARY! MISTER, IT'S A DEAL!



GOOD! YOU MAY REPORT TO WORK DAY AFTER TOMORROW!



Next day...

NICE OF THE MAYOR'S SECRETARY TO LET ME HAVE A DAY OFF TO SPEND SOME OF THAT DOUGH I'M GOING TO MAKE!



IS THIS THE MAYOR'S OFFICE? IS IT TRUE THAT MISS TORCHY TODD IS GOING TO WORK FOR YOUR SON, AS THE NEWSPAPERS SAY? IT IS? ...

GOOD! SPLENDID!

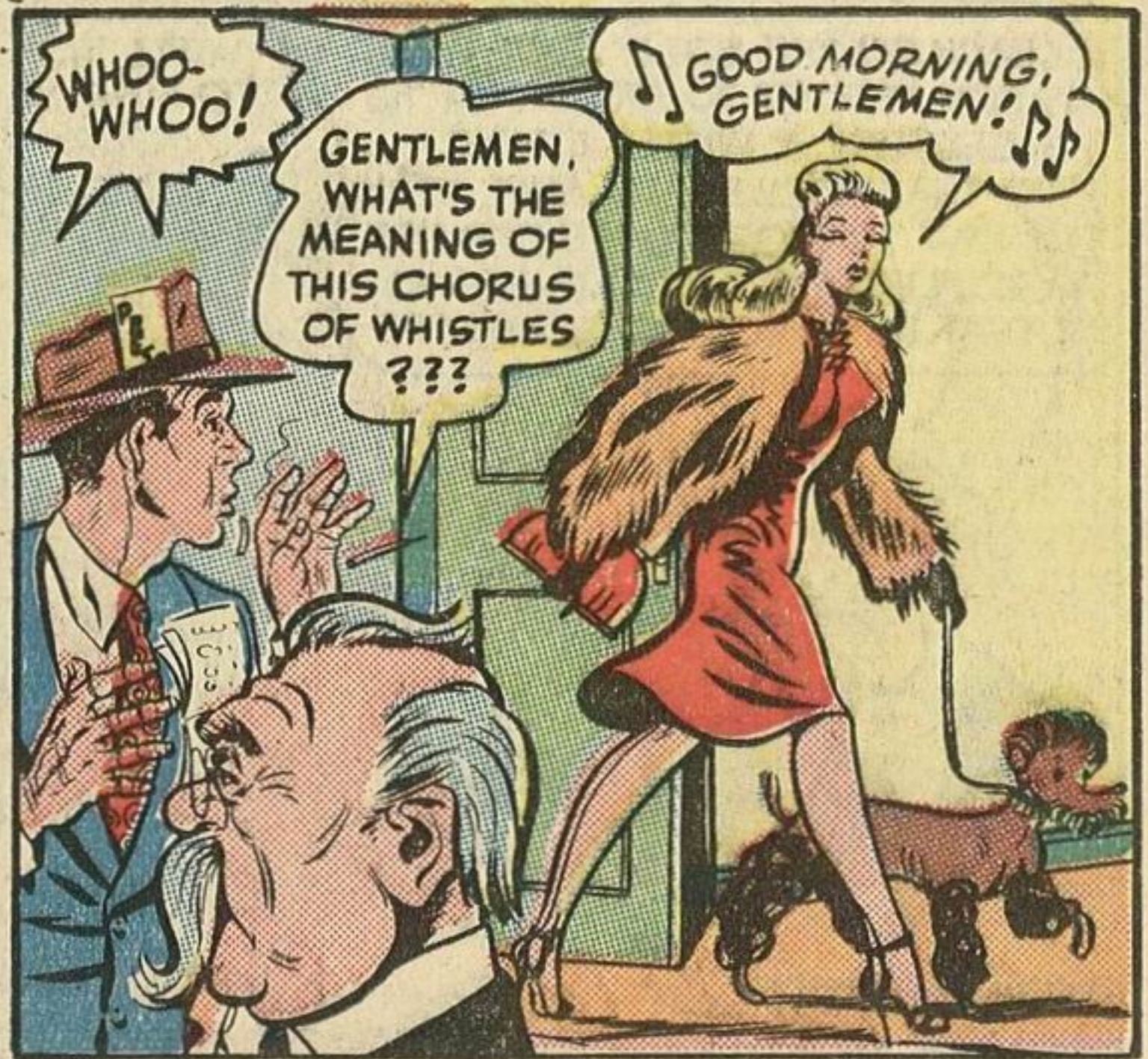


YOUNG LADY, YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT! YOUR CREDIT IS UNLIMITED!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL JUST GET OUT OF THESE OLD RAGS AND START FROM SCRATCH!









# CANDY



LOOK, TIM, CANDY IS READING THE BOOK YOU BROUGHT HOME!

I KNEW IT WOULD WORK! I HATE TO LECTURE HER ALL THE TIME!



THIS PULP SANDWICH IS A BIT ON THE DUSTY SIDE BUT STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE!



CANDY CRAMS CORRECT POSTURE WHILE DAD TUNES IN!

"THE SMART, WELL DRESSED WOMAN IS ALWAYS CONSCIOUS OF HER APPEARANCE!"



"SHE CARRIES HERSELF WELL AND, WHEN SEATED, IS THE PARAGON OF POISE AND DIGNITY!"



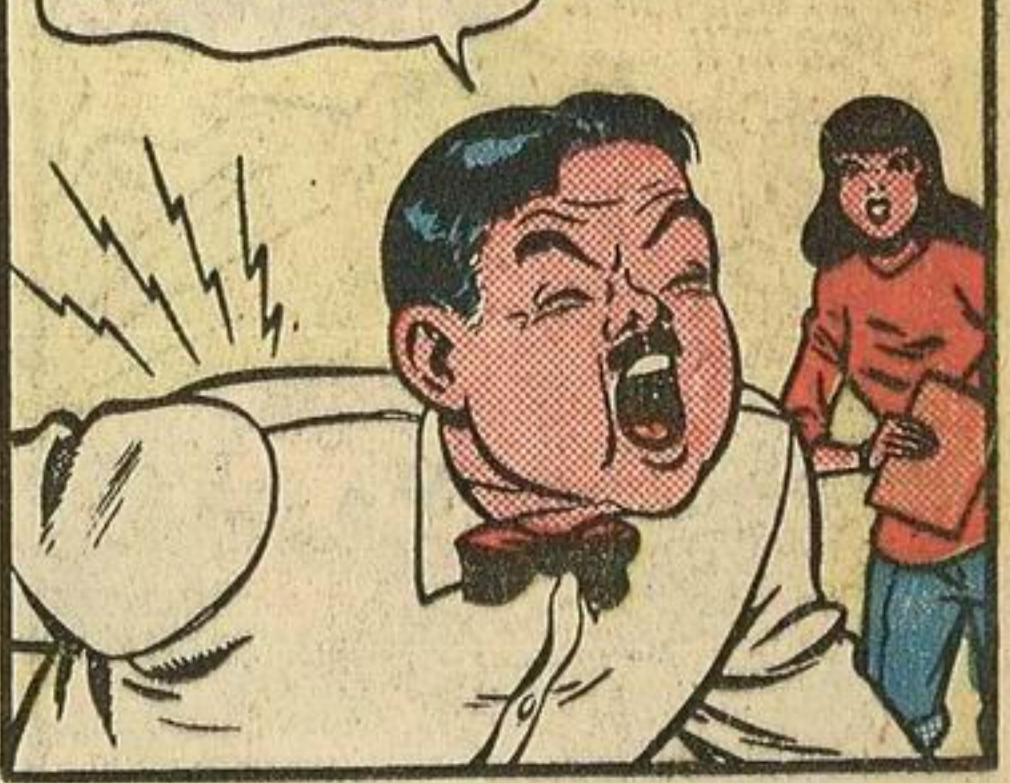
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! POSITION IS EVERYTHING IN LIFE!



WE LEARN BY OBSERVATION AND READING AND THEN ATTAIN PERFECTION BY PRACTICE! OF COURSE---



YEEOW! MY BACK! OHHH HHHHHH!



THE THIRD AND EIGHTH VERTEBRAE JUMPED OUT, BUT YOU'LL BE OKAY IN A DAY OR TWO!



NOW THERE IS A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY WITH A GOOD BOOK!



IN FACT, MR O'CONNOR, I THINK YOU SHOULD BE READING IT!











HI, TED! WHAT'S COOKING THAT'S GOT YOU SO STEAMED?

COME ON, CANDY! HUSTLE YOUR BUSTLE! WE'VE JUST GOT TIME TO HOP THE BUS FOR THE SHOOKTOWN JITTER JUMP!



ROLL UP THE BLINDS, BUB! WHERE DID YOU DIG UP THE OUGHDAY?

I DIDN'T! THIS LITTLE GADGET WILL GET US IN!



SO CANDY AND TED BEAT FEET TO THE SHOOKTOWN JUMP AND JIVE JOINT!

OKAY, TED, GIVE WITH THE GOO! YOU HAVE NO MOULA, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO GET US INSIDE! HOW?

GET YOUR HAND STAMPED OR I CAN'T LET YOU BACK IN!



JEEPERS, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SUCH A GROOVY IDEA?

SURE, CANDY! IT'S ON FIRE! WHY DO YOU THINK THE CREW CALLS ME **THE BRAIN**?



ALL RIGHT! HURRY IT ALONG!



YIP, TED, YOU'RE REALLY A SLICK JOE!!

DOWN THE CENTER, CANDY! ON THE BEAM!



JUST A MINUTE THERE, YOUNG FELLA!

ULP! OHHH, GOSH!



HMM, ILLEGAL USE OF GOVERNMENT MEAT STAMP! A **FEDERAL OFFENSE**!!



BUT-BUT, SHERIFF, WE'LL MISS THE LAST BUS HOME!!

SHUT UP UNTIL THE INSPECTOR GETS HERE OR I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE F.B.I.!

**THE BRAIN**, HE SAYS! POOF!





# The EYES OF ERIC

ERIC LOGAN was an adventurer among the lagoons and islands of the South Seas, and he was hardly doomed to disappointment. Some go there after pearls and find only oyster shells! Others seek copra plantations and secure only blighted harvests! Still others want peace and ease and land in the midst of hurricanes. But Eric Logan liked people—any kind of people—particularly the numerous simple, handsome, interesting natives of the Pacific—and most of them liked him.

But on the far island of Malua, he was this bright morning receiving sober advice from old Kwong, the philosophical Chinese who had lived and traded there ever since he had been a young Cantonese newcomer, fifty years ago.

"The Maluans fear you," he said, "and their attitude toward fear is that it should be conquered. That means you are in for trouble."

"But they're shy and respectful," protested Eric. He was young and tall and muscular, with a square jaw and tawny curls, and his only physical defect was weak eyes that needed thick-lensed spectacles. "And Princess Olana, the chief's daughter, — she — she loves me—"

"And you love her," added Kwong, with a shrewd, kindly smile. "Well, she is the exception. The others are believers in an ancient legend of the Evil Eye."

"My eyes aren't evil!" snapped Eric. He took off his spectacles. "I never looked at any man living without friendship."

"Without those glasses they are kind indeed," nodded the old Chinese. "But WITH the glasses—they look blurred and

magnified and terrible to these simple natives. They fear that you will stare at their wives and children and bring some terrible magic sickness. Eric, you and I have been friends ever since you first sailed your little boat here. My advice is to go somewhere else, among natives who do not have the Evil Eye superstition."

"Other natives don't have Olana," said Eric. "I'm staying, Kwong. I'll show them that I'm no walking plague-scatterer. Thanks, but—"

"Young men ignore," Kwong quoted an ancient Chinese proverb, "and old men think for them."

Eric walked from Kwong's grass-thatched trading store. He headed for the beach. Two Maluans, splendid looking young men as tall as Eric and with tanned muscles as powerful as his own, looked up at his smiling spectacled face, bowed hurriedly and backed away. Eric strolled away from the village, past some rocks at the shore line, and waited in the shadow those rocks cast.

He had not long to wait. Someone stole from the inland jungle, a tall, lovely girl, with a great crown of midnight hair and a face the color of new gold and a superb figure set off by her native costume of bark cloth and flowers. Eric lifted a hand in greeting, strode to meet her and bent to give her the salute so strange to her people but so welcome to her—an honest American kiss.

"Eric," breathed Olana, "I came to say that there is trouble. My father and his warriors hold a council. It is about you."

"I know, I know," said Eric. "Kwong told me they think I have an Evil Eye. You don't

think that, do you?"

"Never, Eric. The eyes are the doors through which men's hearts look out. I know your heart, Eric, and it is kind and good and honest. But I am alone among our people who know that. The others—"

"I don't want to marry the others," Eric reminded her.

"They do not talk marriage. They talk—death."

Eric's smile vanished. "They must be worried badly. Your people don't kill for nothing. At heart they are as gentle and happy as any on earth. If they kill me, they'll be bitterly sad about it later—and I'll spare them that! When the tide comes in, my boat sails. Olana, you sail with me."

"Yes, Eric. Yes."

They kissed again, so happily that they did not notice the rush of others from the shelter of the trees.

Half a dozen of the brawn-iest Maluan warriors were upon Eric before he could even step back. Because he must, he fought. Boxing was as strange a practice on that primitive island as kissing, and when he spilled one giant with a quick left hook, then another with a sizzling uppercut, a cry of "Black Magic!" went up. Had Eric run then, he might have got away; but he put out a hand to catch Olana and take her with him.

Next moment Olana's father, the great Chief himself, ran in and struck with a knobby war-club. Eric took the blow on the top of his curly head, and slumped senseless upon the two men he had felled. He did not even stir as the others bound him, hand and foot, and carried him to the village.



Eric awakened slowly, wondering why someone hadn't warned him before setting off all that dynamite. His bruised head ached, and he could not move, though he seemed to be standing up. His glasses still hung in place, and he looked down.

The Maluans had tied him to a stake, with ropes of twisted vines. He tugged, but the bonds were tough and passed many times around his body. Not even his vigorous strength could loosen or break them.

"I'm thirsty," he mumbled.

"Drink," said the voice of Olana. She stood beside him and held a cool drinking cocoanut to his lips. Gratefully he swallowed the refreshing liquid.

"There is still time," she whispered. "I have brought a sharp seashell, I shall cut these bonds—"

"Stand away, daughter!" The Chief was coming, and with a big hand he took Olana by the shoulder and led her from Eric's side. The others of the village gathered—the men in a compact body, like a war party, and the women and children in timid groups to right and left, where the stare of those spectacles they feared would not reach them.

"Eric," said the Chief deeply, "we do this with sorrow. But one whose eyes are evil must not live among us. Not by hate of you but for our own existence we kill you by fire."

"Fire?" repeated Eric. "You will burn me—alive?"

"Fire destroys all evil magic," said the Chief. He pointed to where two men stood with great armfuls of dry wood. "They will place their fuel around your feet. I myself will light it."

Over the sand from behind Eric scuffed old feet in Chinese slippers.

"I have tried to explain, Chief," said Kwong, as he came to Eric's side, "that the strange

things over Eric's eyes are simply a white man's help to eyes that would otherwise see poorly—"

"Magic," pronounced the Chief firmly. "We have made our decision."

"You'll mourn for it," said Eric. "I am innocent, I am friendly. If there is any evil in the world, it will strike those who kill me unjustly. Kwong, take off my glasses. Let the Chief see that my eyes are the eyes of a good man."

Kwong reached out and unhooked the bows from Eric's ears. But the Chief had already turned away. He spoke with crisp authority.

"Women, take my daughter to the huts. She weeps with sorrow. You two with the wood, bring it forward."

"You will be punished for this senseless, cruel thing!" cried Eric.

He saw as blurred shapes only the two wood-laden men walking toward him—then they stopped walking. Fire—he saw that, too, in indistinct bursts—seemed to leap around them. They yelled like singed cats, and there was a clatter as they dropped the armloads of kindling that suddenly blazed.

"Awoi! Awoi!" they howled, running.

"By all the gods!" shouted the Chief. "It is a judgement upon us—Eric spoke the truth—perhaps he is as good as he says, and fire is sent to warn us—"

"He shall not escape!" That was swarthy young Kobuli, the bad-tempered giant of the tribe, who had sulked for days since Olana turned from him to Eric. "Fire or not, I will slay him!"

He lifted a mighty warclub, and then he, too, yelled in pain and fear. A scalding finger had drawn across his face, so that he dropped his weapon. He turned to run and flame broke out in the grass skirt he wore, so

that he went with long, frantic leaps to the seaside and plunged into the water.

"Release Eric," cried the Chief. "Release him, somebody!"

Olana was already beside Eric, fraying away his bonds with her sharp shell. Released, Eric took back the spectacles Kwong held out to him. He donned them, and saw clearly again. The Chief stood before him, holding out a trembling hand.

"No more magic against us," the Chief stammered.

"I know nothing of it," replied Eric gently. "A power greater than any of us proved to you that my death was not a rightful judgement. Let me say again, I am the friend of you and your people."

"Awoi!" said the Chief. "You are a great man, and merciful. I take your hand, Eric. You are one of us."

It was three days later. A travelling missionary had landed, and was preparing to read the marriage ceremony for Eric and Olana. The village rang with songs and laughter and women bustled over the wedding feast. Eric lingered in Kwong's trading shack.

"You must have done something," he was saying for the thousandth time. "What was it?"

"At last we can speak with nobody hearing," Kwong said softly. "The fire was kindled by—these."

He touched Eric's spectacles.

"Those lenses are thick and sharply curved, perfect burning glasses. The wood was dry as tinder. I caught the sun's rays, focussed them—"

"Kwong, you're a genius!" cried Eric. "I'd never have thought of that. I've worn spectacles so long, I ignored their power!"

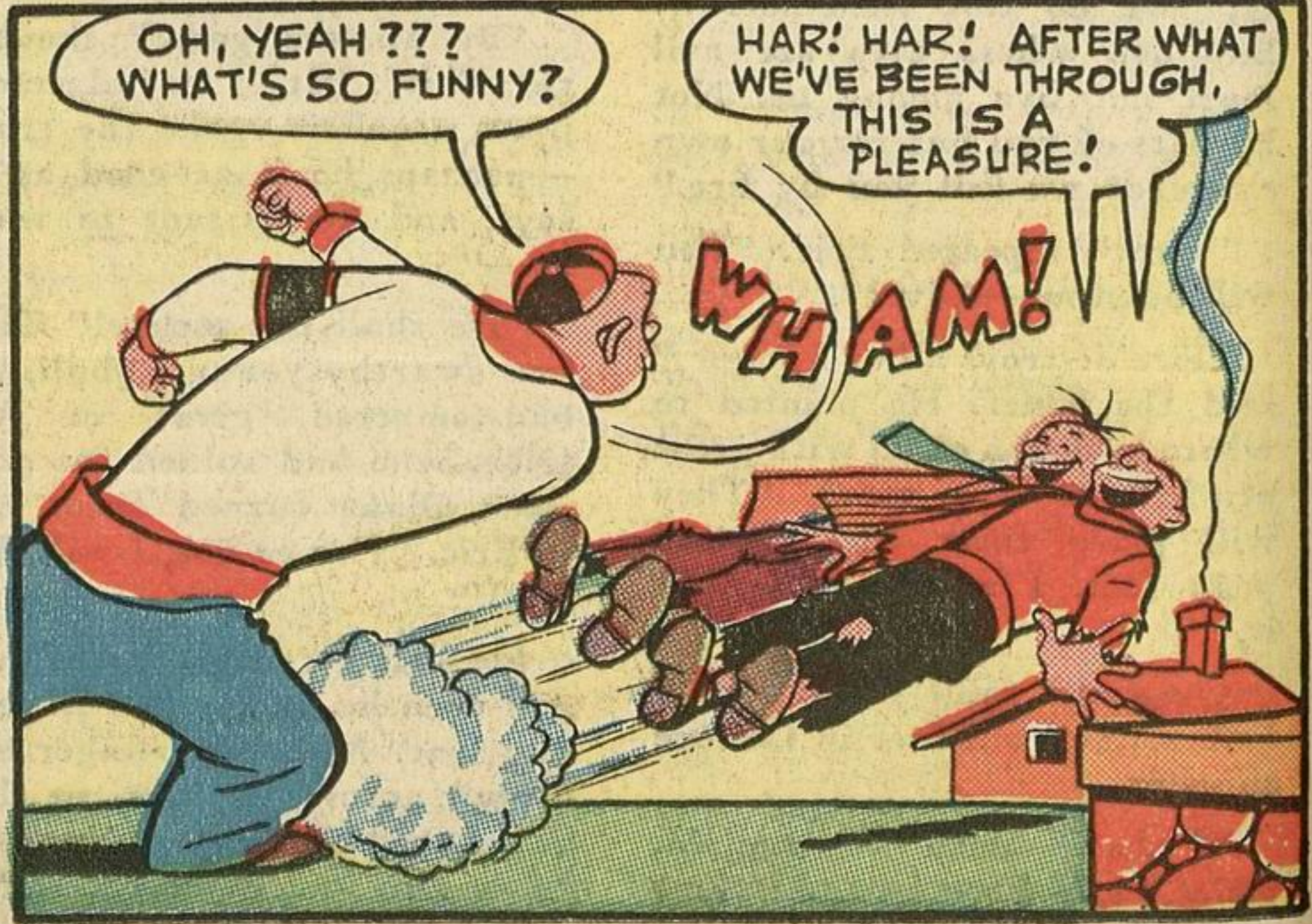
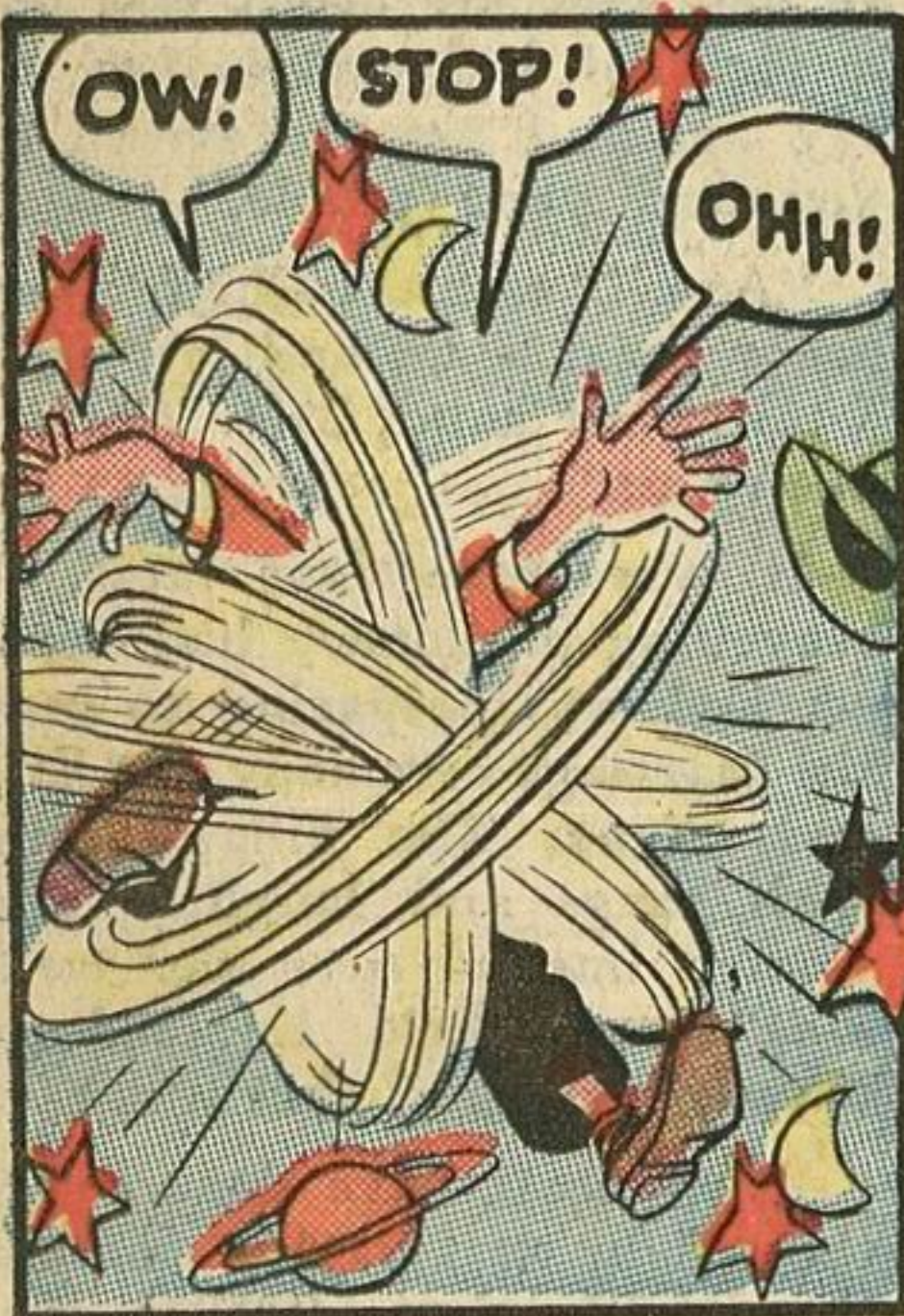
"Young men ignore," said Kwong, smiling, "and old men think for them."



# Poison Ivy



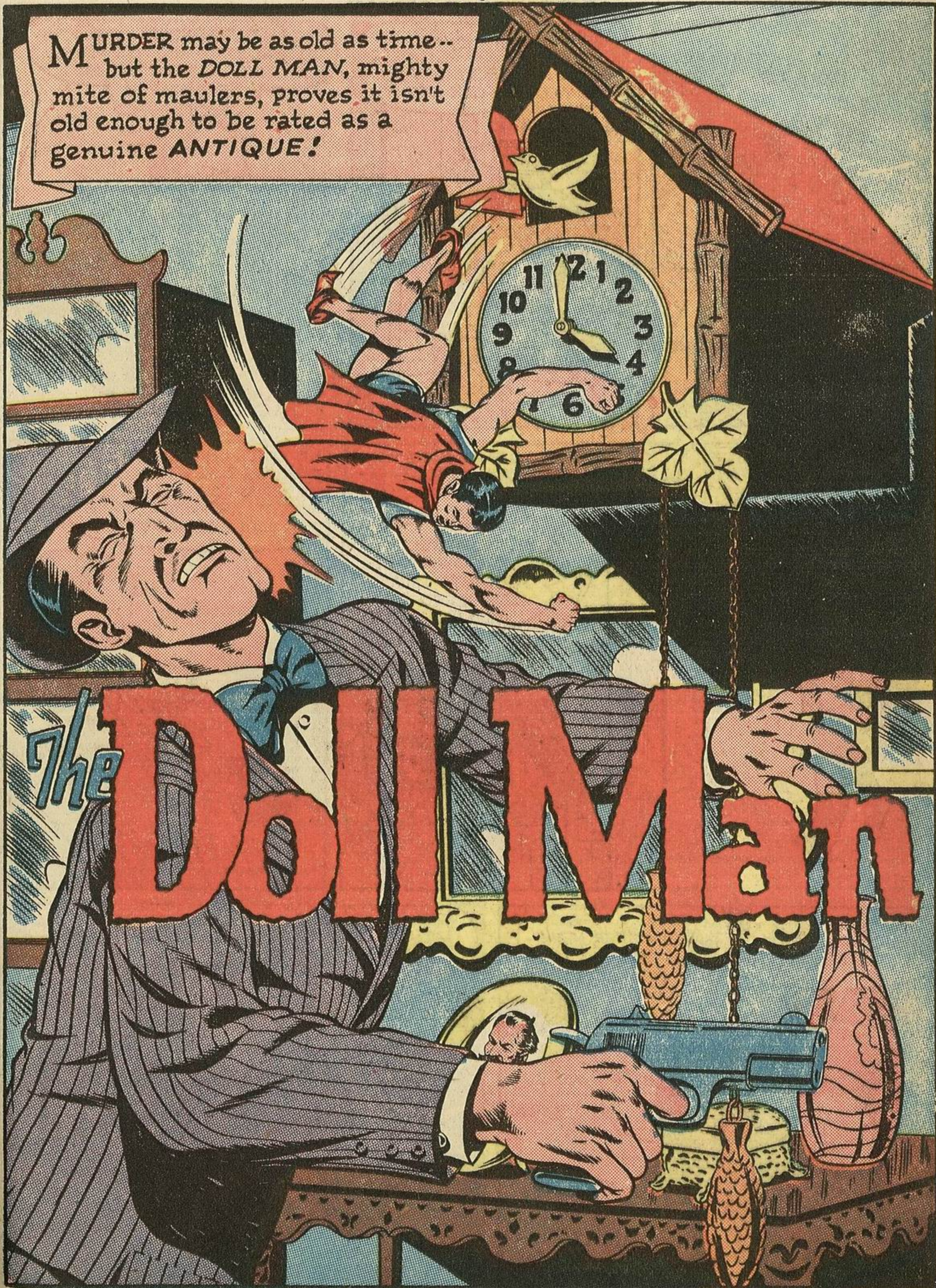
THE MIGHTY MITE...



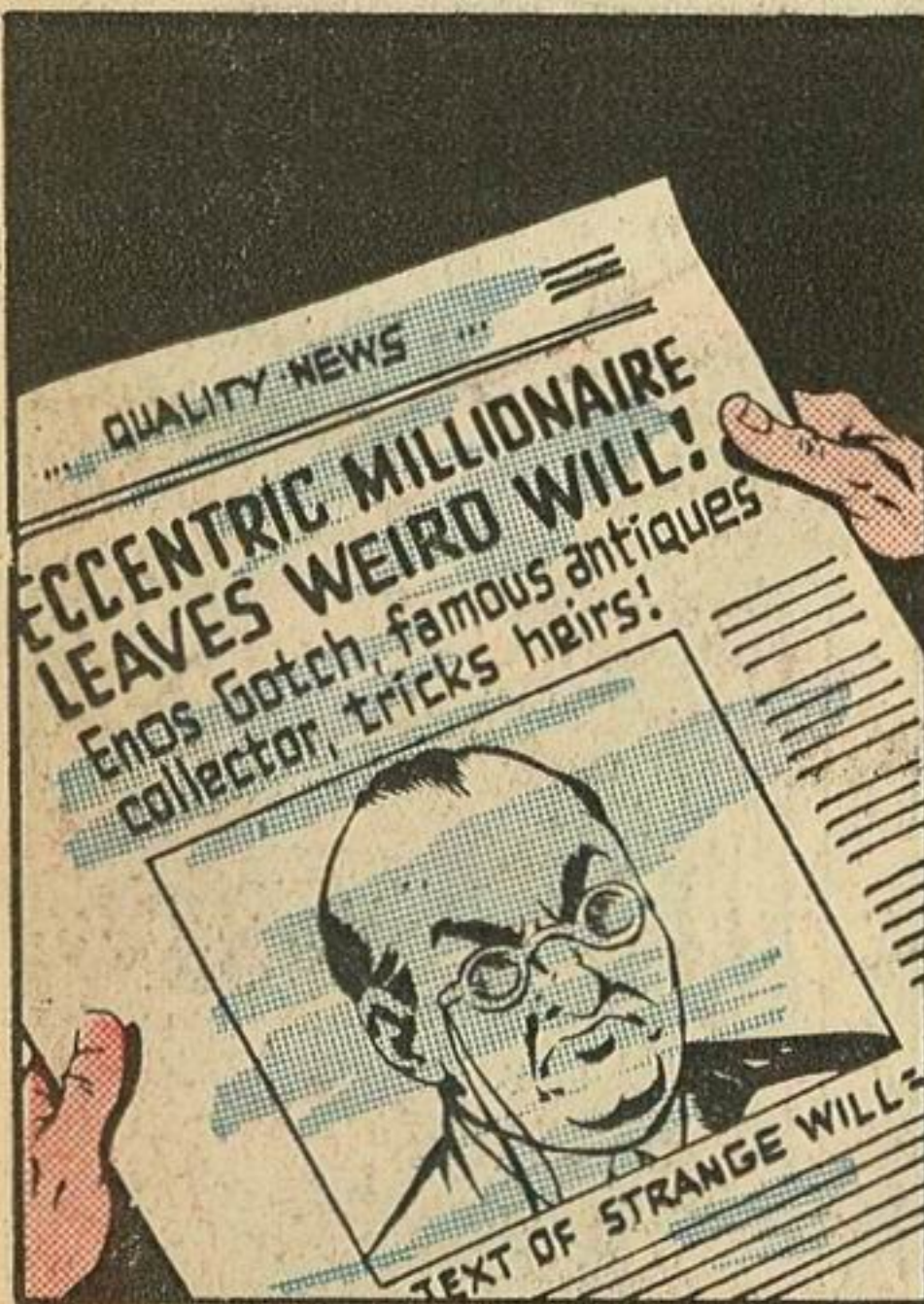


MURDER may be as old as time...  
but the *DOLL MAN*, mighty  
mite of maulers, proves it isn't  
old enough to be rated as a  
genuine *ANTIQUE*!

# The *DOLL MAN*







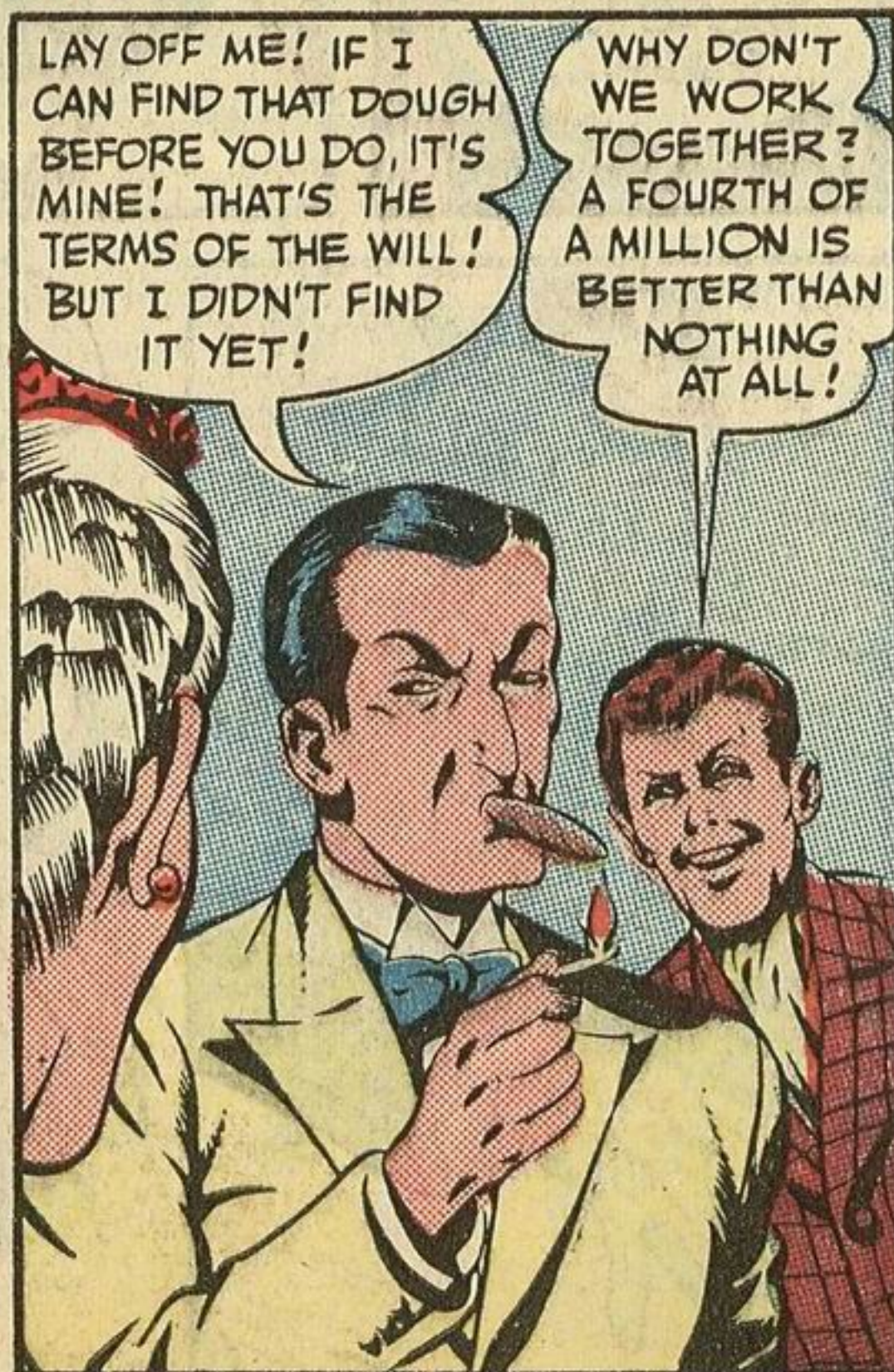
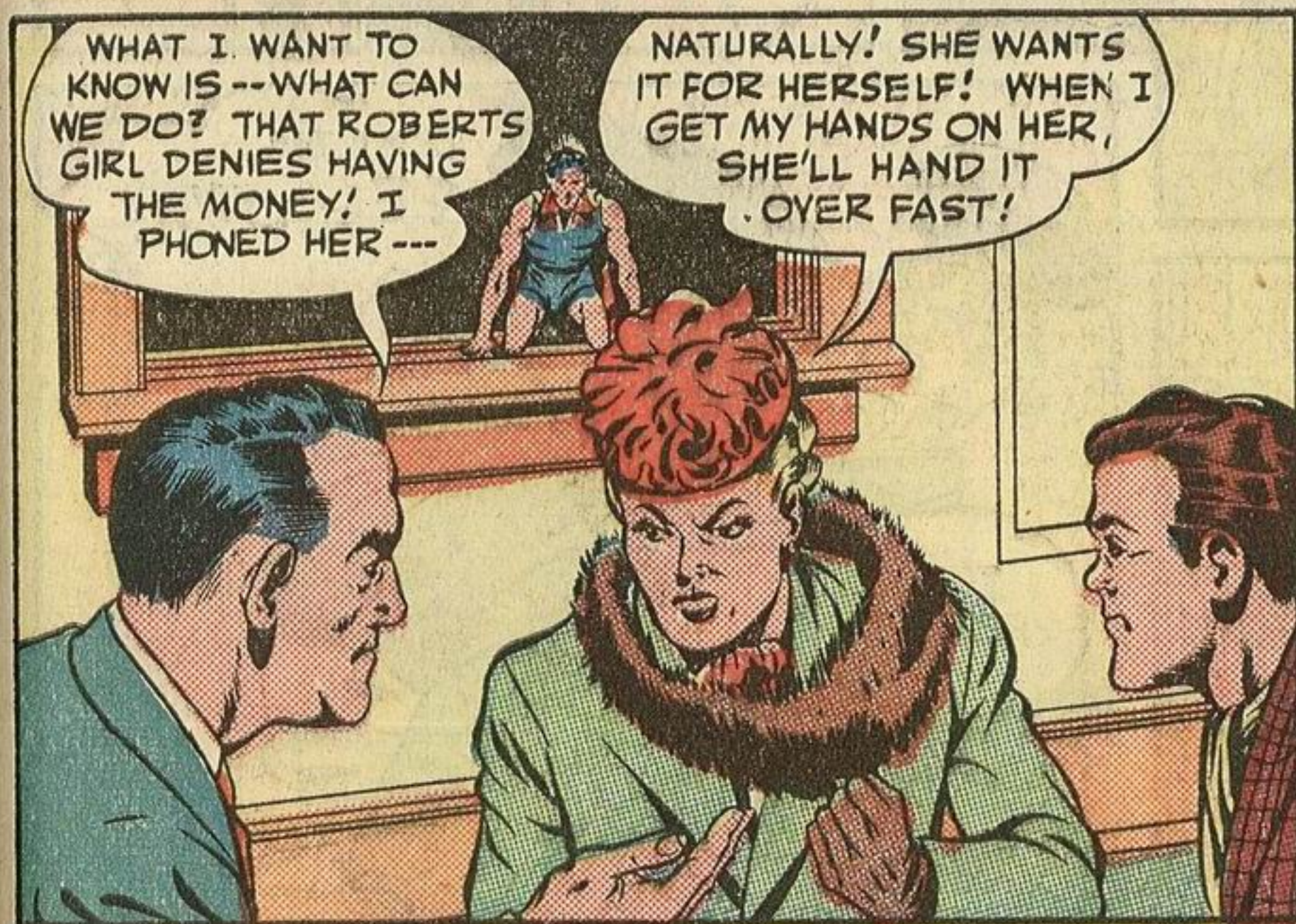
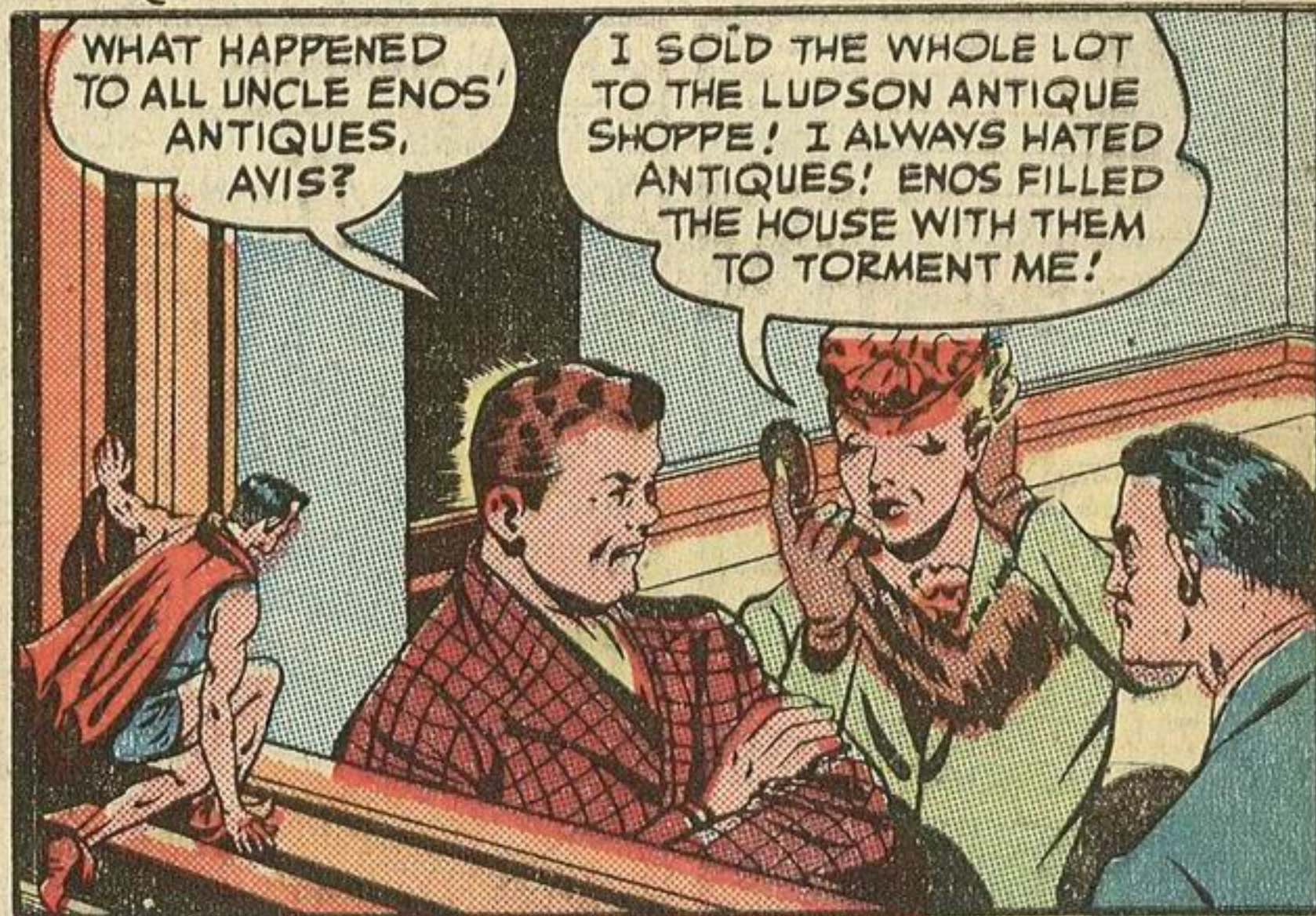








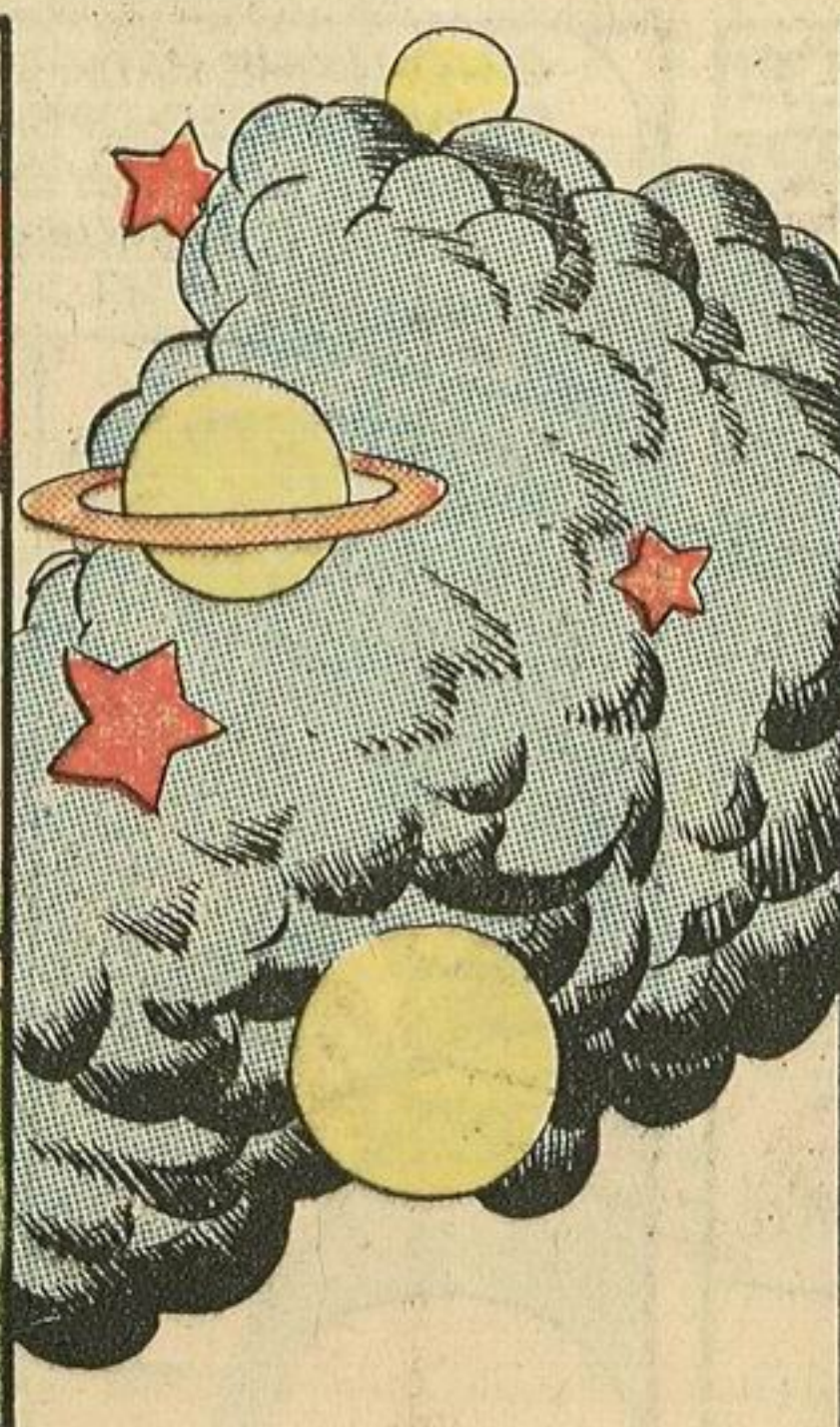




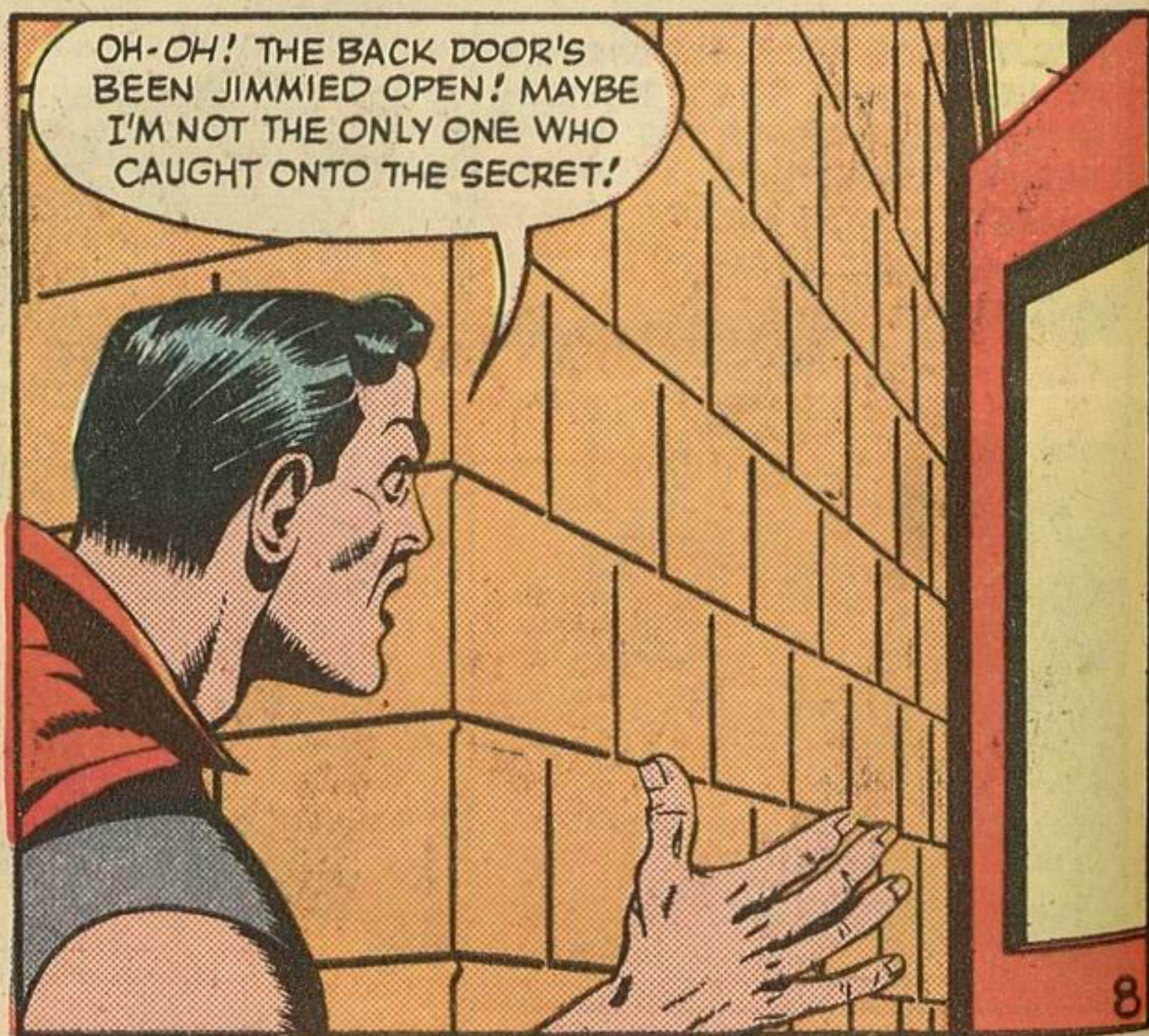








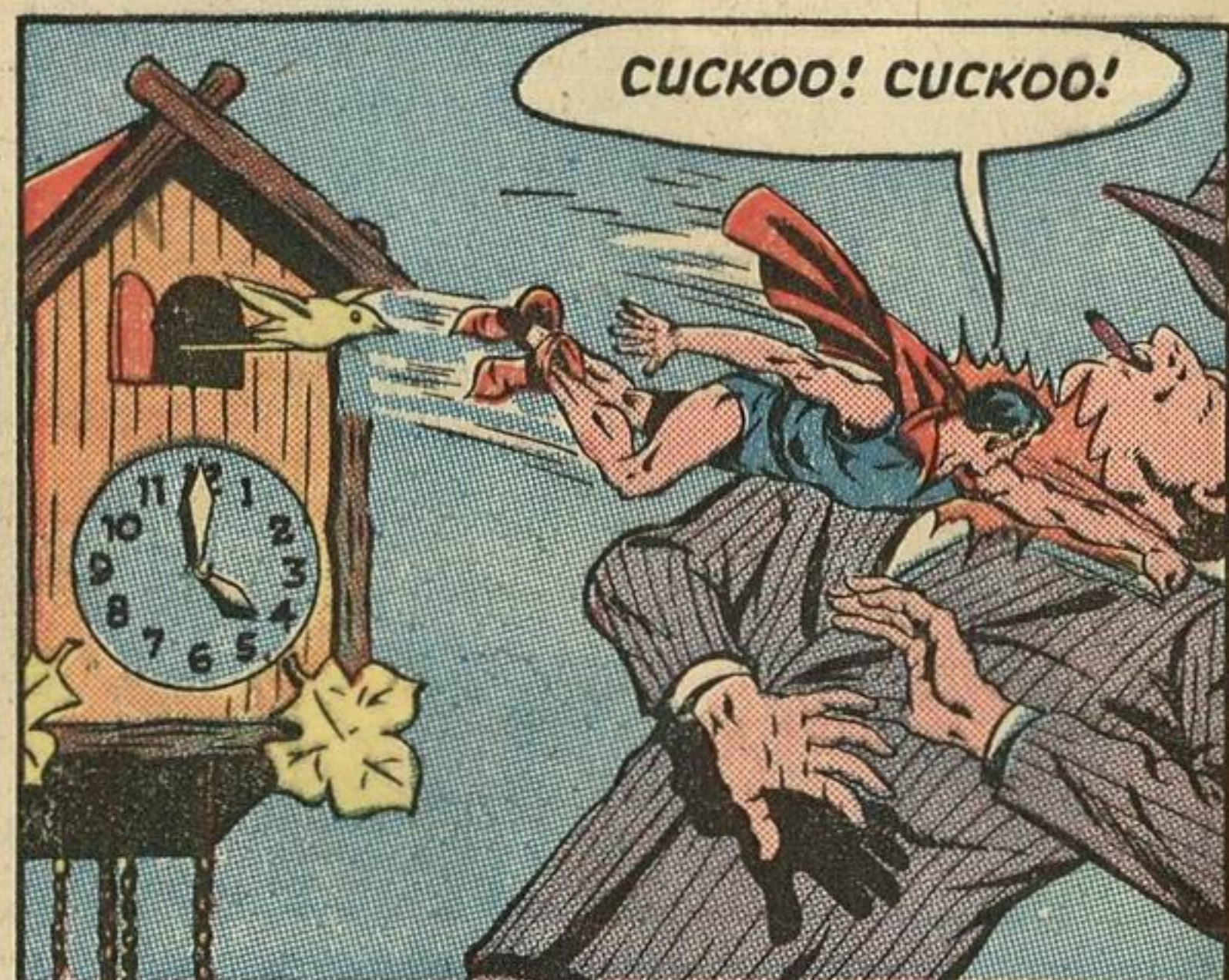
















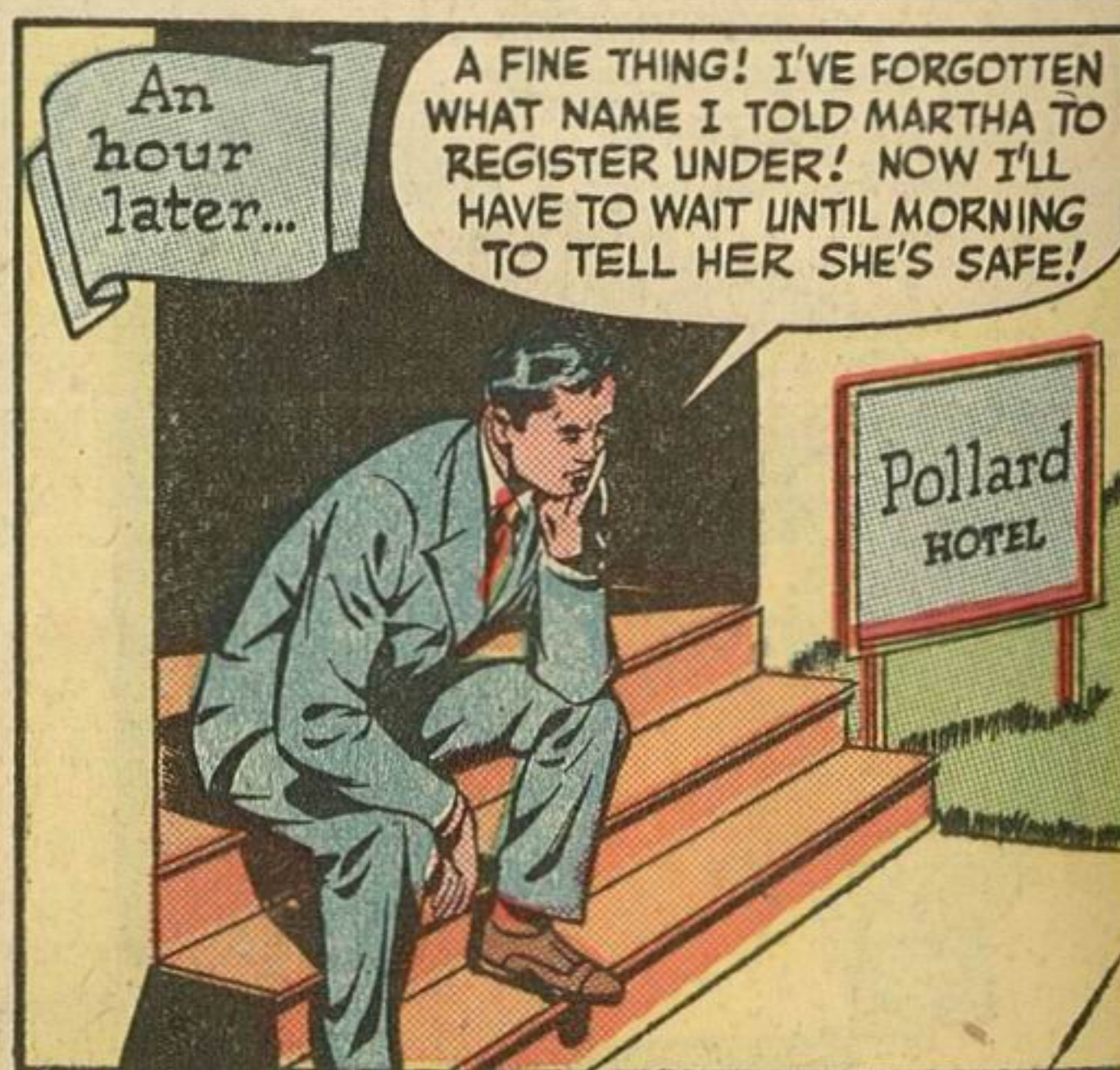
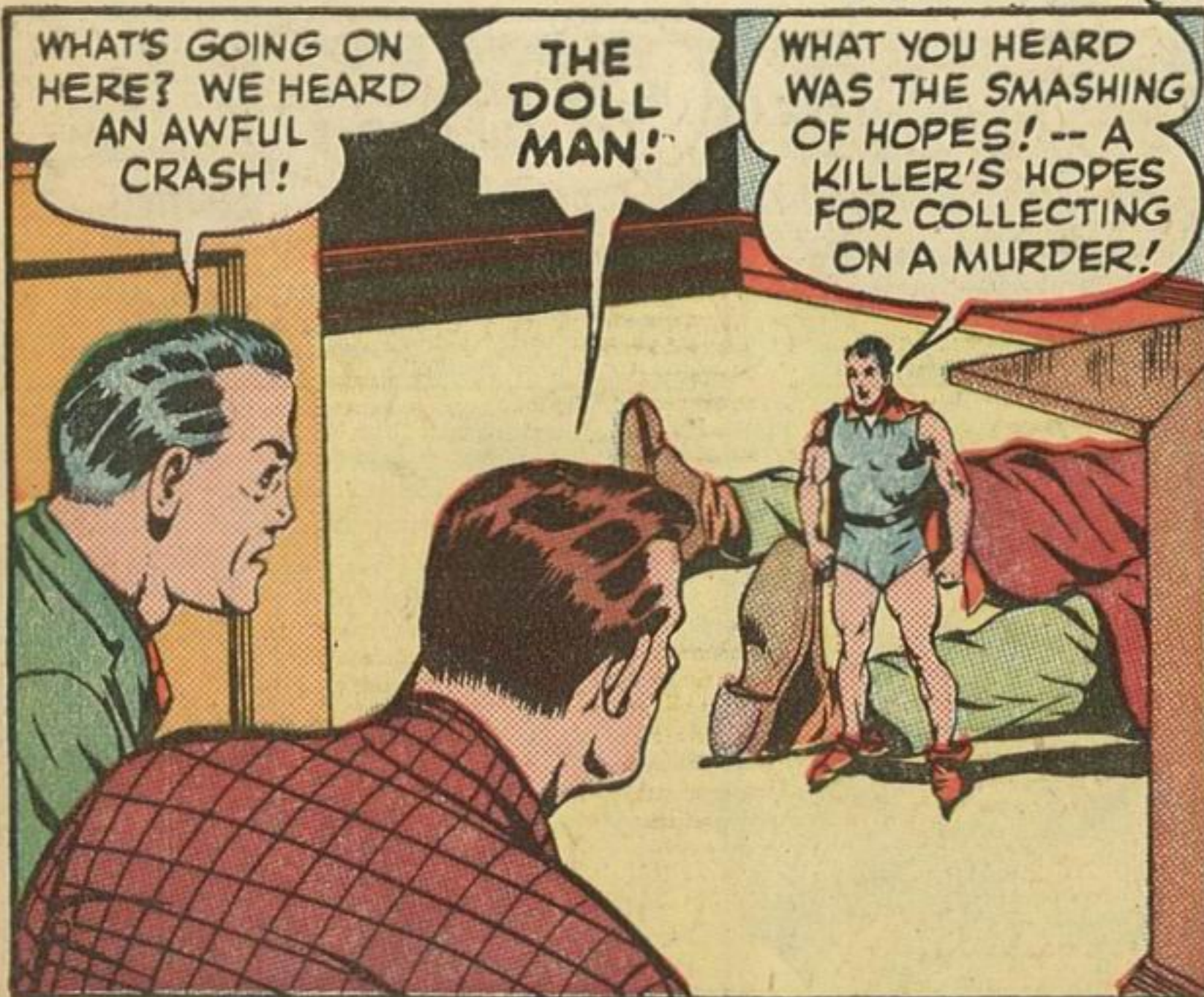










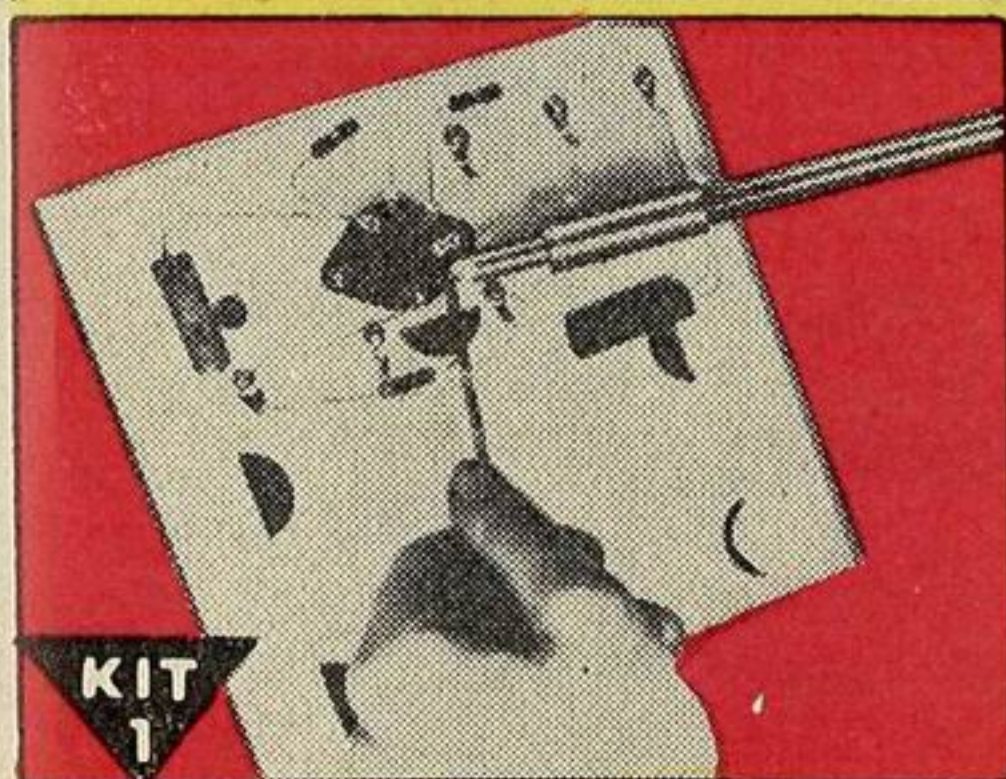






# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



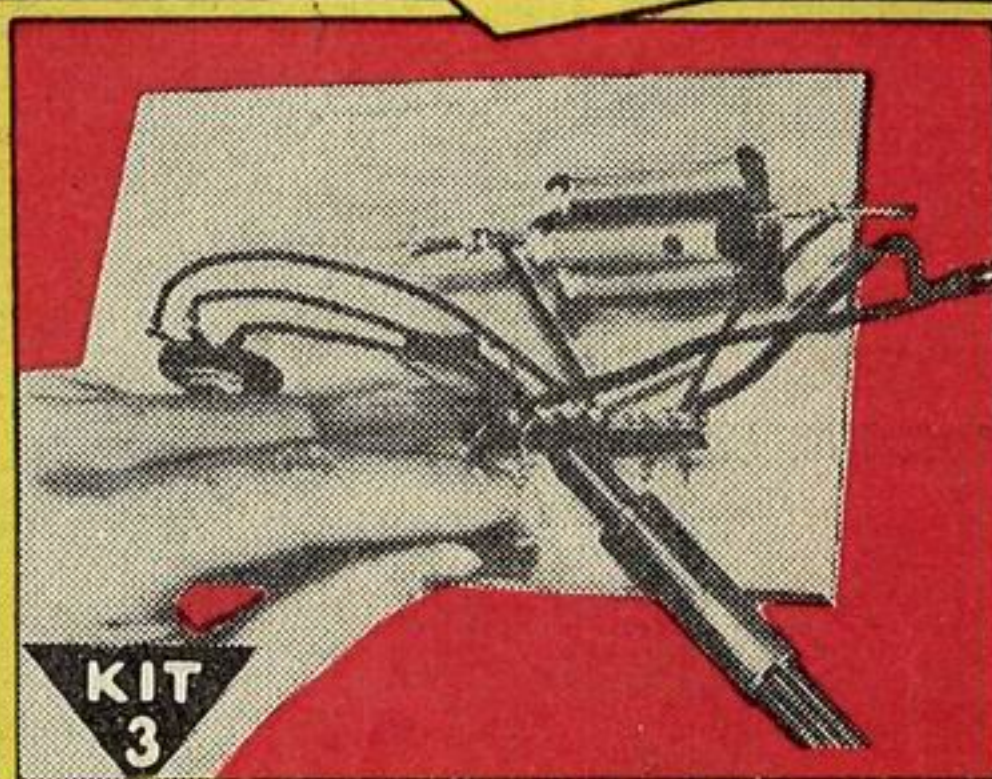
**KIT 1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



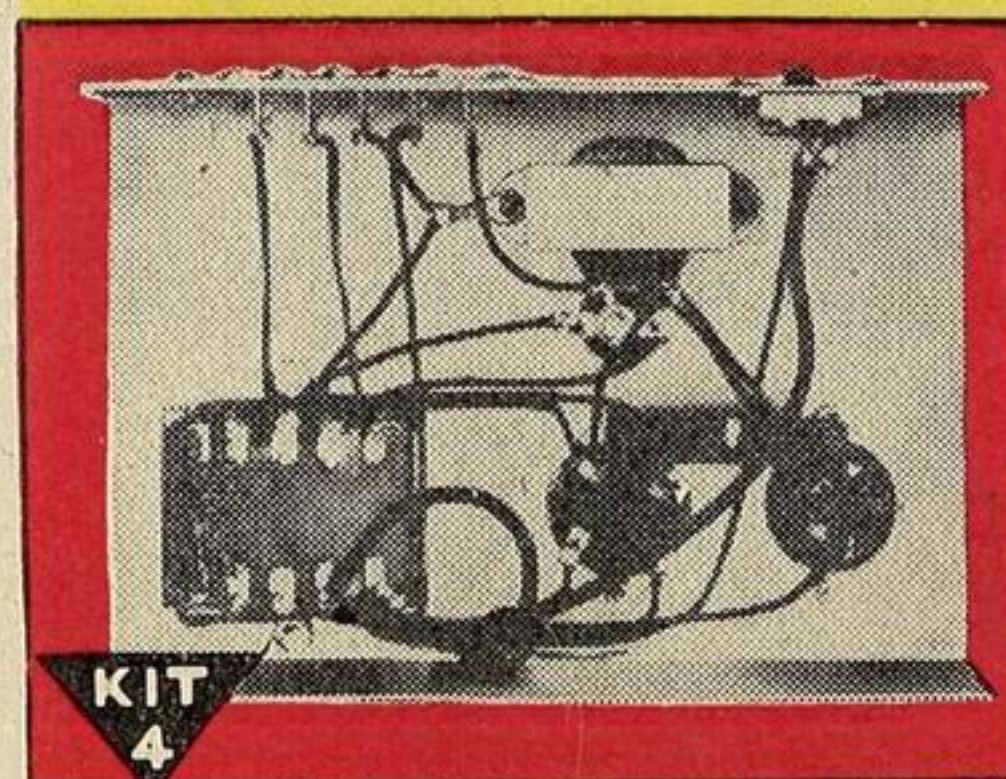
**KIT 2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



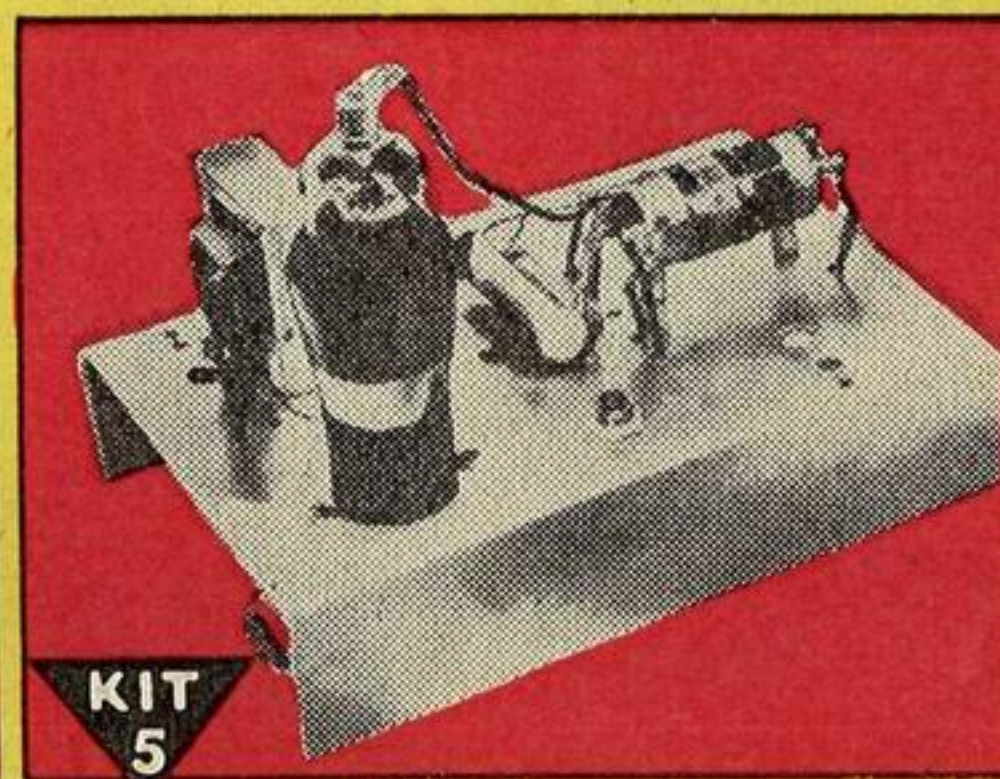
**KIT 3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



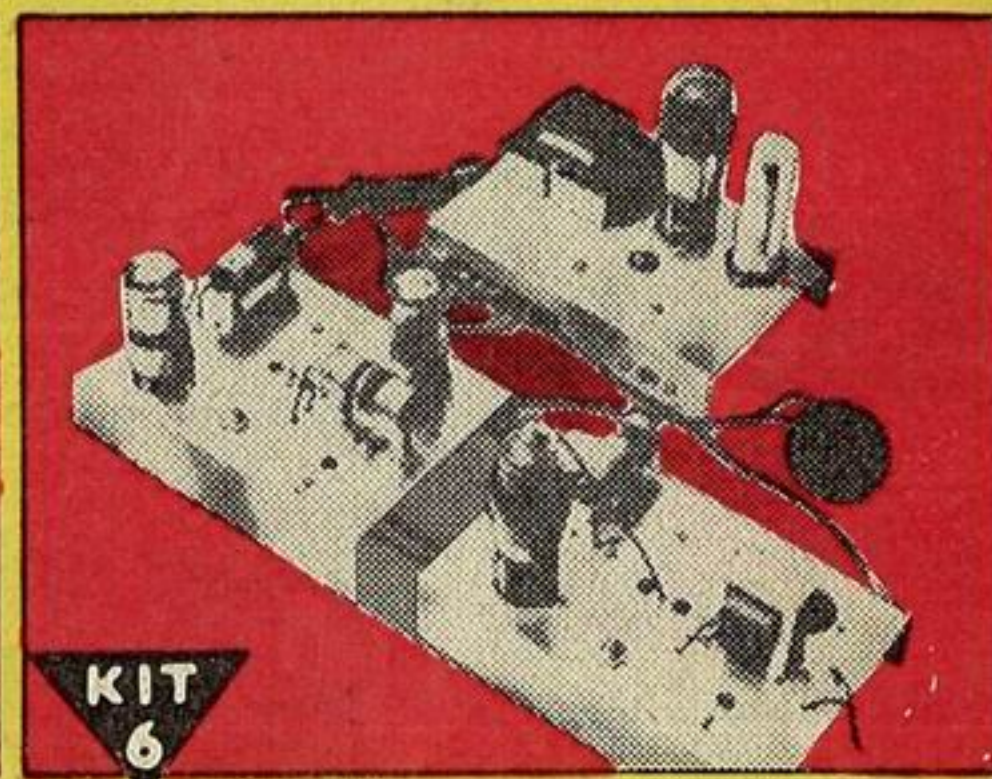
**KIT 4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT 5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success

### I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

#### Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

#### Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6DA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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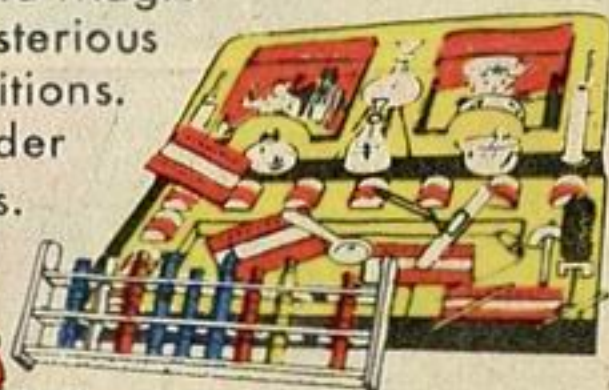
**Gene Autry  
HOLSTER  
SET**

Boys! Here's the Holster Set you've wanted. Big jeweled Cowboy Holster, "Texan-type" pistol, leather belt, kerchief and lariat. ALL for selling only one order of American Seeds.



**COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET**

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order American Seeds.



**HUNTING KNIFE WITH LEATHER SHEATH—Attaches to belt**



Big, husky 11-inch knife. Sell 1 order American Seeds.

**CANDID TYPE CAMERA**



with carrying case. Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1 extra.



YOUR NAME IN PURE GOLD

**FAMILY BIBLE**

Color-Illustrated with your name in gold on the cover. Sell only one order.

**PEN & PENCIL SET**



a really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Given for selling one order.

**STERLING SILVER SWEETHEART BRACELET**



**PEARL NECKLACES** or other jewelry. Your choice for selling only one order.

**"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET**



for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

**SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.**



**"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET**

Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.



*Sing it with Music!*

Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

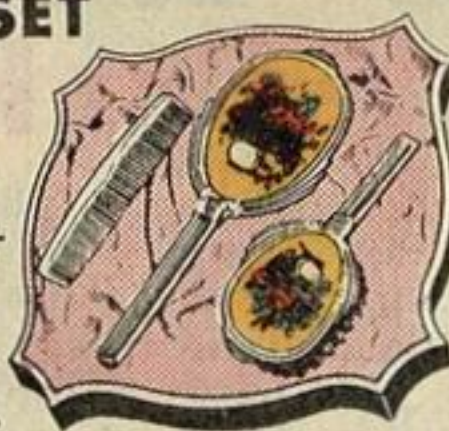
**SWEETHEART DOLL**

"Peggy Sweetheart," the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



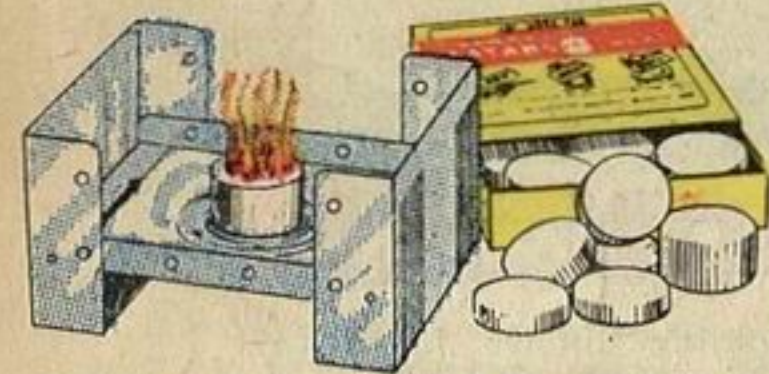
**DRESSER SET**

FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



**STURDY AXE with Leather Sheath Attaches to belt.**

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell only one order of Seeds.



**COOKIT** Pocket size folding stove and package of Heatabs for camp cooking, etc. All for selling one order

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as explained in our BIG PRIZE BOOK

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- GENE AUTRY GUITAR
- FLASHLIGHT
- KITCHENWARE
- DISHES
- BOXING GLOVES
- ARCHERY SET
- TRAVELING CASE
- GAMES

**GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY**

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds. **OUR 28th YEAR**

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**AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 520 LANCASTER, PA.**

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